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THOMSON'S SEASONS.

AUTUMN AND WINTER,

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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FOR THE USE OF CANDIDATES PREPARING FOR
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PREFACE.

IN offering for school use this edition of the poetry prescribed for next year's examinations, we are not sanguine enough to expect that it will escape unfavourable criticism. We have followed our own judgment in regard to the nature and amount of the help to be furnished, and while we have neither hoped nor desired to relieve teachers from teaching, or students from studying the poems, we have honestly tried to lighten their labour in doing so.

The object of the introduction is to supply necessary information in regard to the life and character of the author, and the influences that surrounded him ; that of the notes, to help candidates to a better understanding and appreciation of the poems, and at the same time to lead them to notice, think, and investigate for themselves. In writing both we have kept in mind that the book is designed for different grades of students, and that many who are likely to use it will have but little time or opportunity to consult good works of reference.

For reasons which need not be mentioned, the work has been done more hurriedly than we should have liked, and hence some omissions or mistakes may have been overlooked. Partly for the same reasons the notes on *Winter* were written first, which will account for some of the references in the notes to *Autumn*.

Lastly, while I am set down on the title-page as joint editor with Mr. Moore, and while I accept my full share of the responsibility for the work, it is only fair to say that he deserves the credit of it. I have simply been consulting and revising editor, and, except a few slight alterations and additions here and there, both introduction and notes appear substantially as they were written by him.

H. I. STRANG.

GODERICH, July 30th, 1887.

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LIFE OF THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON, the author of the *Seasons* and the *Castle of Indolence*, was born at Ednam, a little village on the Tweed, in the county of Roxburgh, September, 1700. His father, who was the minister at that place, shortly after the poet's birth removed to the parish of Southdean, in the same county, a rather remote and rugged district, among the lower slopes of the Cheviots. His father was noted for piety and zeal in church work rather than for great natural endowments, but his mother seems to have been a very superior woman, possessed of every social and domestic virtue, united to a most imaginative and devotional nature. Thus of Thomson it can be said, as of many other sons of genius, that he was indebted to his mother for his chief mental excellencies.

He attended the school at Jedburgh, but while there showed no superiority to other boys; on the contrary, he experienced some difficulty in mastering the rudiments of Latin and Greek. During the last three years of his residence with the family in the Southdean manse, while he was attending Jedburgh Grammar School, his education was superintended by a Mr. Riccaltoun or Riccarton, parish minister of Hobkirk, a man of some literary taste and capacity. Mr. Riccaltoun became much attached to Thomson, and seems to have been the first to discern in him the evidences of poetic genius. Thomson, thus being fortunate in his friend, became a fair general scholar, and received a good grounding in classical literature.

By this time he had attracted some notice and made some friends among the gentry of the neighbourhood, by poetical compositions at school and other scraps of verse, most of which, however, so little pleased himself that on each New Year's day, the productions of the past year were with mock solemnity committed to the flames.

Great as Thomson's natural gifts undoubtedly were, yet the rural grace and rugged grandeur of his home among the hills must have had much to do in developing and shaping his peculiar character as a poet. Allan Cunningham describes the landscape as "lovely, with its green hills and its blooming heather, while the slender stream of the crystal Jed winding through the whole adds a look of life by its moving waters to

the upland solitude." This natural loveliness, and the legends and songs in which Roxburgh is rich, proved in the case of Thomson to be meet nurses for the poetic spirit within. A fragment preserved—by accident we suppose—from the periodical burnings, shows considerable powers of fancy and felicity of expression, and shows, too, the early bent of Thomson's genius towards the apostrophe and descriptions of the powers of nature, and of the Divine attributes displayed in them :

'Now I surveyed my native faculties,
And traced my actions to their teeming source ;
Now I explored the Universal frame,
Gazed nature through, and with interior light
Conversed with angels and embodied saints,
That tread the courts of the Eternal King.

* * * * *

Ah my Lord God ! in vain a tender youth,
Unskilled in arts of deep philosophy,
Attempts to search the bulky mass of matter,
To trace the rules of motion, and pursue
The phantom Time, too subtle for his grasp.
Yet may I from thy most apparent works
Form some idea of their wondrous Author.

At eighteen he went as a divinity student to Edinburgh College, where his poetical reputation had preceded him and was the means of gaining for him the life-long friendship of David Mallet and of Murdoch, his biographer. At college he was not popular with the students in general, and was voted by many a dull fellow and a fair mark for ridicule. Scarcely three years had elapsed when his father suddenly died, leaving his large family—there were nine, of whom Thomson was the fourth—in straitened circumstances. His mother, who had inherited a small estate or farm from her own people, mortgaged it, and came with the family to Edinburgh, resolved by strict economy to complete James's education for the ministry.

One day, while pursuing his divinity studies, he handed in to the Professor as an exercise, a paraphrase of the 119th psalm. Johnson says "his diction was so poetically splendid that Mr. Hamilton reproved him for using language unintelligible to a popular audience." Probably advice and not reproof was given, still the incident may have had its effect in determining Thomson to forsake divinity for the muse of poetry. But Edinburgh at that time offered few inducements to the man of letters. The stern theology of Calvin had so permeated the national character that to most Scotchmen the playhouse was an

abomination, and the cultivation of poetry a suspicious pursuit. So, encouraged, it is supposed, by his mother, and by the praises bestowed by others on poetry he had written at college, especially a paraphrase of the 104th psalm, Thomson took the decisive step, and in the spring of 1725 set out for London to try his fortune.

He carried with him very little money, but many letters of introduction to persons of consequence, either social or literary, and the yet incomplete manuscript of *Winter*. While gaping about him in the streets he had his pockets picked of most of his letters, and in this strait he sought out his old friend Mallet, then in London and tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose. He advised him to complete *Winter* and connect the individual scenes into a regular poem. While doing this Thomson received news of his mother's death, and it was under the burden of this affliction and amid the uncongenial labour of a tutor, that the poem was finished and made its appearance in March, 1726. With difficulty he obtained from Millan, the publisher, three guineas for the copyright, and for a while there were no buyers. But owing to the good offices of a Rev. Mr. Whatley, who by accident took it up in the shop, approved of it, and sounded its praises in the coffee houses, Thomson began to grow famous. The friendship of Aaron Hill, immortalized as one of the divers in the *Dunciad* (II. 295) secured for him an invitation and a twenty guinea present from Sir Spencer Compton, Speaker of the House, to whom *Winter* had been dedicated, although he was probably ignorant even of the poet's existence. Thomson was not above the true Grub-street servility of the literary men of that age, and the fulsome adulation offered by the poet to the poetaster (Hill) is painful and disgusting to read. However, the popularity of *Winter* grew apace, and before the end of the year two new editions were required. Money was still so scarce with Thomson that he was again forced to resort to teaching, this time in a private academy; but his reputation and amiability were gaining for him many friends, and we find that Duncan Forbes, who helped him to prune his style a little, Aikman the painter, Miss Drelincourt, a beauty and a wit, "who looked and taught him into reputation," Dr. Rundle, Arbuthnot, Gay, Savage, Collins and Pope came to be among his familiar acquaintances, although Pope was never very cordial.

Next year (1727) *Summer* was given to the world, and in 1728 *Spring*, dedicated to the literary dabbler, the Countess of Hertford. The poet was honoured with an invitation for the summer to her country-seat, but paying more attention to the table than to her ladyship's poetic effusions, the invitation was never repeated. Thomson's literary fame was now

sufficiently established to ensure a respectful reception to his poem *Britannia* (1729), which is nothing but a fatiguing invective against the government for their slackness in the Spanish war, Thomson, with most of the men of letters, being in opposition.

A quarto edition of the *Seasons* (*Autumn* now first appearing) was issued by subscription in 1730. In the same volume appeared the poem in memory of Newton, and the work closed with that magnificent hymn which has been called Thomson's finest production. Among the subscribers, of whom there were three hundred and eighty-seven, taking four hundred and fifty-four copies, were the leading men of letters, and besides, many persons of high social rank.

Thomson's first tragedy was *Sophonisba*, acted in 1729-30; but, although its rehearsal drew together a splendid critical audience, yet when performed it evoked no enthusiasm. The story goes that one weak line:

O, Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!

was parodied by a wag into

O, Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson, O!

This set the town a-laughing, and the play after a short time was withdrawn. Thomson wrote other plays, but their declamatory style and want of humour unfitted them for stage dialogue, and with one doubtful exception, they were all unsuccessful.

In 1731, through Dr. Rundle's influence, he became travelling companion to the son of Sir Chas. Talbot. They visited France, Switzerland and Italy, and were away about a year. Grateful and beneficial as this journey must have been to Thomson, yet the first product of it, a dreary poem entitled *Liberty*, proved a dismal failure. In September, 1733, his young fellow-traveller died, and Thomson's tribute to his memory in sincere but not very felicitous verse, was the cause of his being given by Sir Chas. Talbot, now Lord Chancellor, the post of Secretary of Briefs in Chancery, where the pay was good and the work was nothing. In consequence we find him removed to Richmond, in a cottage close to the river's edge, and with a garden attached so that he could indulge his taste for gardening. His prosperity seems to have made him indolent, but showed at the same time his kindness of heart and his natural affection. He settled a small annuity on two of his sisters, and invited his invalid brother to live with him, but the poor fellow could not endure the damp English climate and returned to Scotland only to die.

It is pretty certain too that Thomson at this time meditated matrimony with a young lady whom he celebrates in his songs as Amanda. She was a Miss Elizabeth Young of Dumfries. The course of true love

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did not run smooth or end happily for the poet, for Cupid's best arrows are often tipped with gold, and Amanda succumbed to a wealthier suitor. His dreams of lettered ease proved to be nearly as transient as those of love, for the old Chancellor (Talbot) died in 1737, and Thomson too indolent or too proud to solicit the new one (Hardwicke) for reappointment, lost his place. Perforce he betook himself to work and produced the tragedy of *Agamemnon*, a classical piece, and a year afterwards *Edward and Eleanor*, dealing with early English history. This last was a greater failure than *Agamemnon*, which is saying a good deal.

Just a little before the poet had been arrested for debt, and conveyed to a sponging-house, from which he was released by the actor Quin, who out of admiration for the author of the *Seasons* visited him there, ordered in a good supper (which Thomson liked) and in the course of the evening gave him £100. Immediately after he was introduced by Lyttelton to the Prince of Wales, who being out of favour at Court and anxious for popularity, gave Thomson a pension of a hundred a year. Through these two windfalls of fortune and the sales of his published works, which now were considerable, Thomson was able to retain his suburban cottage and garden on the Thames, where he lived in a sort of rural retirement, attending to his garden and fruit trees, revising the *Seasons*, and at odd moments adding a stanza to the *Castle of Indolence*.

In 1744, his friend Littelton, being in the new Ministry as a Commissioner in the Treasury, lost no time in appointing Thomson Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands. The emoluments, after paying a deputy to perform the active duties, amounted to about £300 a year. This to Thomson was almost affluence, and made him independent of the pension which the Prince had given him, but four years later had rather shabbily withdrawn. The snug cottage in Kew Lane was comfortably, even elegantly furnished, and became the scene of much social enjoyment with his friends. Lyttelton's seat was also a favorite resort of his in those days.

Tancred and Sigismunda, his most successful tragedy, came out in 1745, and for a while it was a public favorite. Some have thought that its popularity was due less to its intrinsic merits than to the celebrated actors, Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, who took parts in it. But that such was not wholly the case, is apparent from the fact that Johnson speaks of it in his time as still keeping its turn upon the stage.

The *Castle of Indolence*, on which he had been engaged at intervals during fifteen years, appeared in May, 1748, and must be considered as his greatest work, if judged as a work of art, though if excellence be gauged by the number of readers, the *Seasons* will easily bear away the palm. Thomson has been accused of negligence of style, perhaps with

justice, but the *Castle of Indolence* shows no faults of this kind, each stanza and phrase being polished with consummate care. It is an allegory, written in the Spenserian measure, and happily conceived in the style and spirit of the *Fairy Queen*.

On such a theme as *Indolence* Thomson wrote *con amore*, and for a picture of lazy luxury set forth in the most melodious verse, the opening stanzas of the first canto have no equal in the language.

Thomson's death resulted from a neglected cold. He had walked into town, as was usual for him to do, and in the evening feeling tired and overheated, took the boat. The night air brought on a chill. Next day he was in a high fever, and imprudently venturing out before he had fully recovered, suffered a relapse. This time medical aid was of no avail, and he died at four o'clock in the morning of Saturday, 27th August, just two weeks before completing his forty-eighth year. He was buried in the church at Richmond. His loss was severely felt by a large circle of friends. Collins, the poet, who lived near him, left Richmond and refused to return. Quin, who spoke the prologue to his last play, *Coriolanus*, was affected to tears. Millan, his publisher, marked his esteem by devoting the profits of a splendid edition of the poet's works to the erection of a monument in Westminster Abbey, where it was placed between those of Shakespeare and Rowe. Never was man more sincerely mourned. Murdoch, his old friend and biographer, speaks of him as "our old, tried, amiable, open and honest-hearted Thomson, whom we never parted from but unwillingly, and never met but with fresh transport; in whom we found ever the same delightful companion, the same faithful depository of our inmost thoughts, and the same sensible, sympathizing adviser."

In youth Thomson was thought handsome, but with age his figure became ungainly, and his countenance gross and unanimated. He was, as is said in the *Castle of Indolence*, more "fat than bard besecms." In a numerous company he was generally silent and appeared somewhat stupid, but if directly addressed and engaged in conversation his features underwent a remarkable change; his eyes lighted up with unwonted fire, and he became, as he always was with a few select friends, sprightly and entertaining in his talk. Many stories have been told of his laziness. One represented him as standing at a peach tree with his hands in his pockets, eating the fruit as it grew. But an easy and indolent good nature was more than redeemed by an unaffected simplicity of heart. His patriotism, his tenderness for the brute creation, his love for his friends, his strong affection for the members of his own family, his extensive general acquirements, and his classical learning would have made James Thomson a beloved and respected member of society, even if he had not been, as he was, one of England's greatest poets.

THE STATE OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

In the year 1700, in which Thomson was born, Dryden died—Dryden, who had been king of the literary world so long. He had been a time-server all his life; had praised Cromwell, had belauded Charles, had apostatized to please James. Although fallen on evil days, deprived of his laureateship, and forced to work for his bread in his old age, he yet conferred the chief literary lustre on William's reign. He had brought in the French tastes in literature, and as a playwright had performed a great part in corrupting the English stage. His very last work, the "Fables," showed that adversity had taught him nothing in that respect, for they are tainted with even greater licentiousness than the originals from Boccaccio and Chaucer. But however we may lament his indecencies, his knowledge of English was exquisite and wonderful. He was the greatest living writer in prose or verse. Pope, his immediate successor,

"Whom Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine,"

acknowledges him as his master and model in the art of versification. Pope, however, improved on Dryden, if by improvement be meant greater smoothness and regularity; a more polished and balanced antithesis; a more biting sarcasm; a more stinging and pointed wit. He brought the heroic couplet to such perfection that it has ever since remained the vehicle for those kinds of poetry in which Pope excelled, viz.: the didactic, the satiric, the argumentative. Pope was the head of what has been called the artificial, the classical, and also the correct school. By these terms the student must understand a conforming to certain rules; a sort of poetical code for versifiers. For instance: a redundant syllable must not be admitted, except in dramatic writing; a pause of some kind must be at the end of every couplet; a full stop must never be placed, nor a new paragraph begin in the middle of a line, etc. These terms also refer to more than the mere form. It was an age of venality and insincerity in politics, of open profligacy or thinly-veneer'd vice at court and among the upper classes; of ignorance and bestiality among the lower classes; and worst of all, the church was sunk in indifference and lost to spiritual life. The upper and educated clergy were either busy in securing preferment, or engaged in metaphysical discussions on the nature or origin of religion; the country clergy were often equally ignorant and coarse with their parishioners. The picture Thomson has given of their habits in "Autumn," 565-9, was unfortunately too often true. Under Walpole, the policy of Government patronage, of lucrative sinecures for literary men, was entirely changed. After this the literary life became one of indigence and obscurity—often a struggle for bare existence. Here begins the generation of Grub street hacks. In no other age were the

writers so beggarly and vile, so fierce and rancorous. Pope has immortalized some of them in his inimitable satire. There were a few exceptions to the usual misery. Pope from the profits of his *Homer* was snug in Twickenham; Swift got his deanery by *ratting*; Young, his pension, by flattery; Richardson lived by his printing; Addison was especially fortunate.

The mission of the poetry of Anne and George I. was not to delineate external nature, but to satirize or eulogize human nature. Wordsworth makes the rather strong statement "that, excepting a passage or two in the '*Windsor Forest*' of Pope, and some delightful pictures in the '*Poems of Lady Winchelsea*,' the poetry of the period between the publication of '*Paradise Lost*' and the '*Seasons*' does not contain a single new image of external nature." The whole world of letters was engaged in satirizing, in translating, in arguing, in declaiming, in uttering maxims, in sentimental reflecting. The poetry is a reflex of the time; it is correct; it is brilliant with wit; it perhaps convinces, but it does not stir the emotions. Sarcasm is much oftener found than honest, passionate indignation. Comedy is a much greater favorite than tragedy. Of polish and affectation there was plenty; of deep passion of any kind there was very little. From the publication of "*Winter*" we must go forward twenty years to find the fancy and pathos of Collins. About twenty years more brings us to the publication of Percy's "*Reliques*," which is an epoch in the slowly reviving taste for what is natural and simple and unaffected. Our older poets again began to be studied and imitated. New subjects were chosen, a new treatment adopted.

And here it is proper to notice that religious awakening in the middle of the 18th century, which had such profound moral results, and which no doubt contributed not a little to affect the form and substance of literature. The Puritanism which had successfully resisted the tyranny of the first two Stuarts, developed a tyranny of its own, more galling perhaps by reason of its austerity. When in 1660 England was released from the gloomy reign of the Saints, the great principles of morality and of religious liberty seemed for awhile to have departed with them. But they soon reappear. The moral force of Puritanism, its chief and abiding glory, asserts itself in the revolution of 1688, and shows itself in the Methodist revival, which was but a protest against the apathy of the Church. It is seen in the plea of Burke for the Hindoo, in the philanthropy of Howard, in the work of Clarkson and Wilberforce for the black man. It is seen in the evangelic movement which took place within the pale of the English Church itself. The gentle Cowper took a part with Mr. Newton, its leader, in reclaiming the irreligious of Olney. No other poem breathes a purer spirit of piety and Christian philosophy than the "*Task*," and this poem is generally taken to be the culmination and completion of that rebellion against the reign of the false and affected, and of that return to the simple and sincere in which Thomson had taken the first step.

CHARACTER OF THOMSON'S POETRY.

POETRY, like painting, or sculpture, is imitation, and is finest and most successful when it produces on the mind the effect of the original. If the object of descriptive poetry is to create through the imaginative faculty the liveliest images of the real objects from which they are drawn, then Thomson is the greatest of our descriptive poets. As we read him, we see the green fields, the trees covered with white blossoms, and the bees humming among them, the flowers that grow by the brook and give out their fragrance as it goes purling by. We see the shadows chasing each other over the yellow cornfields, we hear the sighing of the autumn winds and the groaning of the winter's tempest, and we seem to see before our very eyes, away out on the bleak snowy waste, the poor lost wretch plunging through the shapeless drifts.

There is no other writer that has drunk in more of the soul of his subject. "He looks on nature with the eye that nature bestows only on a poet, with a mind that comprehends the vast and attends to the minute." Nature was his first love, when he saw her in the valleys of Southdean; and years after, in the gardens of Kew, he again exclaims:

"I care not Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living streams at eve;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave."

It is common to make comparisons between Thomson and Cowper. In chasteness of language and harmony Cowper is the superior, yet it is thought the former possessed a greater share of the true spirit of poesy. Thomson loves to paint with bold sweeping strokes, and makes a grand general impress on the mind. Cowper delights us by a series of minute and delicate touches, which make his picture stand out in exquisite clearness and beauty. Thomson loves images of power and energy; Cowper those of grace and quiet—his life was passed among scenes of less rugged character. (See W. 729, n.) Thomson seems to have been fortunate in his choice of a subject, and even its very title seems a happy one. There existed in his time very little descriptive poetry worthy of the name. Spencer was forgotten, and Milton had been neglected. "From Dryden to Thomson there is scarcely a rural image drawn from life to be found in any of the English poets except Gay." Thomson's subject admitted of being treated in the digressive and desultory manner suited to his indolent temperament, and gave ample scope for diffuseness of description, as well as for gorgeous colouring and unlimited epithet.

POETICAL FORM.

THE "Seasons" are written in Iambic Pentameter, or Blank Verse—that is in lines which do not rhyme—and which contain regularly ten syllables, or five iambic feet, the number of the accents being, however, of more importance than the number of the syllables. The general rule that every line shall end with some important word, Thomson has pretty strictly observed. The terminal words are nearly always nouns or verbs, occasionally a pronoun, an adjective, or an adverb, never a pure preposition or conjunction. The scansion is, generally speaking, regular and easy. A *trochee* sometimes occurs in place of an iambus, usually in the first foot, and *anapæsts* or *amphibrachs* are not uncommon, but these are the only changes necessary to make the accents of the line fall on the properly accented syllables of the words. . . . In form as well as subject the "Seasons" may be considered a new departure. The causes of Thomson's adoption of blank verse are not far to seek. His ministerial nurture and training, and on that account greater familiarity with pre-Restoration and Puritan authors, no doubt inclined him toward the verse in which Milton wrote. The form of his boyish efforts, of which a specimen is given in the Life, will show best the force of his early associations. He seems all along to have been conscious (See A. 646, and n.), not only that an entire poem in the rhyming measure of the day would weary by the regularity of its cadence, but that blank verse would better suit his theme, and would have besides the added charm of novelty.

THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN THE SEASONS.

THE religion of the Seasons is but that religion which nature alone might teach; it recognizes a Supreme Architect; it has a lofty and moral tone, and has a pleasing harmony, and a disposition towards sweetness and light which Mathew Arnold might envy. But its character is very indefinite; it has little reference to the *quality* of our beliefs, or to the real remedy for the evil tendencies of the heart, the acceptance of Christ and the influence of the Holy Spirit. In only a very few passages we discover with some difficulty any recognition of the revealed character of God. Some have thought that the speculations of the English Deists, the plausible advocates of natural religion, may have had some influence with Thomson, as we know they had with Voltaire.* The more charitable view is that the poet, not altogether wanting in that shrewdness inherent in the Scottish character,

* Voltaire visited England in 1726, and remained two years. He thus became familiar with the writings of Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Collins, Tindall, Wollaston, etc. It must be remembered that only ignorance attributes atheism to Voltaire. In fact Diderot was disgusted with him for not being sufficiently advanced, and thought him a mental weakling for still adhering to the belief of God.

adapted his religious sentiments to the prevailing taste. Pope and his school then ruled the republic of letters, and this of itself may explain the repeated moral platitudes, whose wearisomeness the ornate and splendid diction cannot always conceal. In a transition period we must expect some temporizing, and this cautious treatment no doubt secured and still does secure a wider circle of readers. None but an atheist could find fault with the theology of the *Seasons*.

LOVE AND THE DOMESTIC RELATION.

SAVAGE, who was an intimate of Thomson's, says he knew no love but that of the sex. But one could hardly get such an opinion from his works—certainly not from the "*Seasons*." We see, indeed, that love as presented by him is not of the highest order; is, in fact, a little prosaic; although for every day wear, a solid, serviceable sort of article. His women have a certain robustness, a blowzy healthfulness about them, which our later poets tacitly deny to their highest types. They seem to lack that delicacy, that simple grace, that indefinable charm, with which the magic numbers of Tennyson and Coleridge invest their female creations.

We give Thomson the highest praise when we say that he is purity itself in comparison with his contemporaries. Here and there may be a line in which a little coarseness is suggested rather than expressed. Yet the "*Seasons*" contain no expression that need raise the blush of modesty, except in those too easily conscious, or of prurient imagination. His pictures of domestic happiness, and his estimate of the conjugal relation do him honor; for the public conscience on these topics was not too tender. The comedy of intrigue, which Beaumont and Fletcher introduced, found congenial soil in the dissolute court of Charles II. It was still common in Thomson's time for ladies to wear masks when hearing for the first time a new play. Rowe's "*Fair Penitent*," whose "*gay Lothario*" has become a synonym for an unprincipled rake, was still in the full tide of its popularity. Congreve, who had defiled the splendour of his wit in the grossest dialogue, and scoffed at the sacredness of the marriage tie, lived till 1729. He had produced nothing but some miscellaneous poetry since the failure of his "*Way of the World*," but he and his plays were still famous. Farquhar died in 1707, while all London was roaring with delight at his *Beaux' Stratagem*, the female characters of which are quite as free-spoken, if not as frail as those of Wycherly or Congreve. The "*Provoked Husband*" of Vanbrugh, was published in the same year as "*Winter*," and was hardly an improvement on his last play, "*The Provoked Wife*," of thirty years before. Since Collier had made his vigorous assault against the immorality of the English stage, had intimidated Dryden and vanquished Congreve, who came to its defence, there had been a partial reformation. The essays of Steele and Addison helped to abate the nuisance, but the poison of the Restoration was active for some time longer. We see it in the novels of Fielding and Smollett; we see it in

Laurence Sterne, the earliest of the Men of Feeling, who may have had the "finest spirit of whim," but whose works proclaim him a "refined and sickly blackguard."

CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS STYLE.

WORDSWORTH accuses Thomson of "writing a vicious style." He means that his verse should be devoid of tawdry ornament and swelling phrases, of classical allusions and of harsh inversions, all which accord but ill with the simplicity and severity of Nature. To a great extent this criticism is true. There is a good deal of classical and artificial embroidery in the "Seasons." In scores of places he imitates, even translates, Virgil. His frequent personifications are often abrupt, unexpected, and therefore not natural, as for example, those at the beginning of each "Season." His invocations to the Muse, to Spring, to Philosophy, to this, that and the other, are endless and wearying. Sometimes, too, by his dedications, and fulsome flattery, he works us into a most unchristian mood, and we almost wish that some of his patriots had died an untimely death. These faults, and they all exist, are partly of the man and partly of the imitative, non-original age, in which he wrote. It must be confessed, however, that while he is engaged in the pure contemplation of Nature, the luxuriance and redundancy of his style seem somewhat venial faults. In the moist air and rank vegetation, in the teeming and humid English climate, this excessive verbal drapery, like the flowing garb of an Oriental, lends to his descriptions a dignity and a pomp not altogether inappropriate.

But when in the same manner he describes the loves of Palemon and Lavinia, the fox hunt, the drinking-bout, the rustic revelry of the harvest home, the effect is disagreeable, sometimes even grotesque in its absurdity. It is unfortunate for Thomson that he introduces so many episodes, declamations, digressions, and dedications. But it must be remembered that he was a pioneer, and that it would be too much to expect that he could keep himself free in all things from the influence of the artificial school, especially as versifiers were swarming in London, and some of them his intimates. These parts were probably the most efficient in recommending the author to general notice, and some critics approve of them as tending to relieve the tedium of general description.

Dr. Craik characterizes Thomson as "all negligence and nature. So negligent indeed, that he pours forth his unpremeditated song without the thought ever occurring to him that he could improve it by any study or elaboration." The "Seasons" in its present state is the result of careful and repeated revision, so much so, that the latest edition as compared with the first, is almost a new work. But a tasteful and candid critic might see no harm in a little more pruning and chastening.

Let us here, in conclusion, enumerate the chief mannerisms of our author, although noticed in their place in the annotations. (1) His free use of

adjectives as nouns, and nouns as adjectives. It would seem quite indifferent to Thomson whether he said "immense serene" or "serene immense." (2) His continual use of words with their Latin meaning. (3) His coining of compounds, some of them not too well formed. (4) His frequent use of absolute constructions. All these are due to his classical reading. (5) His frequent alliterations. (6) He doesn't disdain to use such tricks of phrase as "sees astonished and astonished sings," "gay care," "pleasing dread." (7) His meaningless turgidity, as "in pure effusion flow," "sound integrity." (8) His often extravagant hyperbole as in A. 527, 699. (9) His frequent use of metonymy and personification. (10) His frequent and, generally speaking, unambiguous use of adjectives for adverbs, which sometimes makes us think that English would be improved by being, in this respect, just like German.

Other points will no doubt strike the reader as wort' of note: for instance, (1) Thomson's weakness in scientific knowledge; and (2) The almost entire absence from his pages of irony or sarcasm, humour or wit. For the last two, his cumbrous style would be like the armor of Saul to the youthful David.

QUOTATIONS AND PASSAGES FOR MEMORIZING.

THE selection, it need hardly be said, is not authoritative ; but while no one is bound by it, or even expected to accept it as wholly satisfactory, it is hoped that it will be found helpful.

AUTUMN.

Ll. 122, 177-185, 201-206, 229-230, 298-306, 433-236, 602-609, 903-909, 1032-1036, 1257-1277.

WINTER.

Ll. 1-16, 66-71, 217-222, 276-321, 431-435, 545-549, 644-645, 746-751, 859-865, 894-900, 1028-1041, 1064-1069.

CHRONOLOGICAL PARALLEL.

| THOMSON'S LIFE. | EVENTS, LITERARY AND GENERAL. |
|---|--|
| 1701. Thomson b. | Dryden d., Congreve's " <i>Way of the World</i> ," Act of Settlement. |
| 2. | War of Spanish Succession. |
| 3. | Wesley b., <i>The Fair Penitent</i> . |
| 4. | Blenheim, Locke d., <i>Tale of a Tub</i> . |
| 6. | Ramilies. |
| 7. | Union Act, Farquhar d., <i>The Beaux' Stratagem</i> . |
| 8. | Oudenarde. |
| 9. | Malplaquet, Tatler, Johnson b. |
| 10. | Sacheverell's Trial. |
| 11. | <i>Spectator</i> , <i>Essay on Criticism</i> . |
| 12. at Jedburgh School | Marlborough dismissed. |
| 13. | Treaty of Utrecht, <i>Cato</i> , <i>Rape of the Lock</i> , Shaftesbury d., Sterne b. |
| 14. | <i>Jane Shore</i> , Whitefield d. |
| 15. goes to Edinburgh College | The 15, Riot Act, Rowe Laureate, Wycherley d. |
| 16. | Septennial Act, Garrick b., Gray b. |
| 18. his father d. | Quadruple Alliance. |
| 19. | Addison d., <i>Robinson Crusoe</i> . |
| 20. | South Sea Bubble. |
| 21. | Prior d., Walpole's Ministry, <i>Hist. of our own Times</i> . |
| 23. | Bishop Atterbury banished. |
| 24. | <i>Drapier Letters</i> . |
| 25. goes to London | Pope's <i>Iliad</i> and <i>Odyssey</i> completed, <i>The Gentle Shepherd</i> . |
| 26. <i>Winter</i> | <i>Gulliver's Travels</i> . |
| 27. <i>Summer</i> | Newton d. |
| 28. <i>Spring</i> | Goldsmith b. |
| 29. <i>Britannia</i> , <i>Sophonisha</i> | Congreve d., <i>The Dunciad</i> , <i>The Wanderer</i> , The Methodists at Oxford. |
| 30. 4to edition of <i>Seasons</i> . Autumn | Colley Cibber Laureate, Burke b. |
| 31. Continental tour, Fr. Sw. Italy | Defoe d., Cowper b. |
| 32. | Gay d. |
| 33. Sec. of Briefs | <i>Essay on Man</i> , Walpole's Excise Bill. |
| 35. <i>Liberty</i> | The Wesleys accomp. Oglethorpe to Georgia. |
| 36. In his cottage at Richmond | |
| 37. Lost his place | Hume's <i>Treatise on Human Nature</i> . |
| 38. <i>Agamemnon</i> | Whitefield in America. |

CHRONOLOGICAL PARALLEL--*Continued.*

| THOMSON'S LIFE. | EVENTS, LITERARY AND GENERAL. |
|---|--|
| 39. <i>Edward and Eleanora</i> { | Wesley's real conversion, begins his Itinerancy, War with Spain. |
| 40. <i>Masque of Alfred</i> . | <i>Pamela</i> . Wesley and Whitefield separate. |
| 41. { | <i>The Mistress</i> , <i>Joseph Andrews</i> , Hume's <i>Essays</i> . |
| 42. | Resignation of Walpole. |
| 43. visiting at Hagley . | Dettingen. |
| 44. S. G. of Leeward Isles | Pope d., <i>The Night Thoughts</i> . |
| 45. <i>Tancred and Sigismunda</i> { | Swift d., Walpole d., Fontenoy. |
| 46. Auth. Version of Seasons | <i>Ode on the Passions</i> , Culloden. |
| 48. <i>Castle of Indolence</i> in May; died in August { | Roderick Random, <i>Clarissa Harlowe</i> , Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. |
| 49. <i>Coriolanus</i> | <i>Vanity of Human Wishes</i> , <i>Irene</i> . |

THE SEASONS.

AUTUMN.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost
Nitrous prepar'd—the various-blossomed Spring
Put in white promise forth—the Summer suns
Concocted strong—rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Dedication.

Onslow ! the muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
Would from the public voice thy gentle ear
Awhile engage. Thy noble care she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow ;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue : she,
Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

16

20

The Fiel's Roady for Harvest.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra veighs in equal scales the year,

From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft, through lucid clouds,
 A pleasing calm; while, broad and brown, below, 30
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain;
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field;
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gaily-chequer'd, heart-expanding view, 40
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

Industry and its Effects.

These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power!
 Whom labor still attends, and sweat, and pain;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
 And all the soft civility of life:
 Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast,
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
 Implanted—and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite; but idle all.
 Still unexerted, in the unconscious breast,
 Slept the lethargic powers: corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
 Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year;

And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With beasts of prey ; or, for his acorn meal,
 Fought the fierce tusky boar. A shivering wretch !
 Aghast and comfortless, when the bleak north,
 With winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost.
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled,
 And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away ;
 For home he had not : home is the resort
 Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Even desolate in crowds ; and thus his days
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd, along ;
 A waste of time ! till Industry approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth ;
 His faculties unfolded ; pointed out
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand
 Of art demanded ; showed him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers ;
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth ;
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent and the gather'd blast ;
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;
 Taught him to chip the wood and hew the stone,
 Till, by degrees, the finish'd fabric rose ;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn ;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table ; pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit ;
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ;

But still, advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;
 And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
 And form'd a public ; to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the patriot council met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented whole. 100
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And, with joint force oppression chaining, set
 Imperial justice at the helm—yet still
 To them accountable ; nor slavish dream'd
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art, the city rear'd
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;
 Rais'd the strong crane ; chok'd up the loaded street 120
 With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames,
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods '
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts

Shot up their spires : the bellying sheet between,
 Possess'd the breezy void : the sooty hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on : the splendid barge along
 Row'd regular to harmony : around,
 The boat, light skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil
 From bank to bank increas'd ; whence, ribb'd with oak,
 To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

130

Then, too, the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
 Its ample roof ; and luxury within
 Pour'd out her glittering stores : the canvas smooth
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose : the statue seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
 Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.

140

All is the gift of Industry ; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheer'd by him,
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along.
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring.
 Without him, Summer were an arid waste ;
 Nor to the autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recall my wandering song.

150

Reaping.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day,
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand
 In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.

120

At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves :
 While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind, the master walks, builds up the shocks
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.

164

Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. 'Think, oh grateful think !
 How good the God of Harvest is to you ;
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;
 While those unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give

174

The Story of Lavinia and Palemon.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;
 And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth ;
 For, in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven,
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale,
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride ;

180

Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain-snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers ;
Or, when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As, in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length, compell'd
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich,
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220
Transmits from ancient, uncorrupted times,
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,

But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye.
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unacted blushes from his gaze,
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment, love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field ;
And thus in secret to his soul he sighed :

234

“ What pity ! that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,
And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days
His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !

240

250

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto, who can speak
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,

And through his nerves, in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold ;
 And, as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd, at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul :

“ And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ;
 She whom my restless gratitude has sought
 So long in vain ? O yes ! the very same,
 The soften'd image of my noble friend,
 Alive, his every look, his every feature,
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring !
 Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 That nourish'd up my fortune ! Say, ah where,
 In that sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 The kindest aspect of delighted heaven,
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair,
 Though poverty's cold wind and crushing rain
 Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years ?
 Oh let me now into a richer soil,
 Transplant thee safe, where vernal suns and showers
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;
 And of my garden be the pride and joy !
 It ill befits thee, oh ! it ill befits
 Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
 Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 The father of a country, thus to pick
 The very refuse of those harvest fields
 Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 But ill-applied to such a rugged task !
 The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine,

If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !”

Here ceas'd the youth ; yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent ;
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate.
Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins : and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours,
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

300

310

A Storm in Harvest.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops ; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world,
Strained to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,

320

From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,
 Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
 The billowy plain floats wide, nor can evade,
 Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force ;
 Or whirled in air, or into vacant chaff
 Shook waste. And, sometimes, too, a burst of rain
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous flood. Still over head
 The mingled tempest weaves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens, till the fields around
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
 Sudden, the ditches swell, the meadows swim.
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar, and high above its banks
 The river lift ; before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,
 Roll mingling down ; all that the winds had spar'd,
 In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
 Driving along : his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes winter unprovided, and a train
 Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease,
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride ;
 And, oh be mindful of that sparing board,
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,

Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice ;
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
 And all-involving winds have swept away.

Description of Shooting ; Its Cruelty.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the muse to sing the rural game :
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel, struck
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Outstretched, and finely sensible, draws full,
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey,
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,
 Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370
 Their idle wings, entangled more and more ;
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Though borne triumphant, are they safe : the gun,
 Glanc'd just and sudden from the fowler's eye,
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions, and again,
 Immediate brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground, or drives them wide-dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling, various down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song, 380
 Then most delighted, when she social sees
 The whole mix'd animal creation round
 Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
 This falsely cheerful, barbarous game of death ;
 This rage of pleasure, which the rest'rs youth
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn
 When beasts of prey retire, that, all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,

As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant, man,
 Who, with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
 Amid the beaming of the gentle days.
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want,
 But, lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

The Chase of the Hare.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare,
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd; the rushy fen; the ragged furze
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapp'd
 The thistly lawn; the thick-entangled broom;
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concetive; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
 Vain is her best precaution, though she sits
 Conceal'd, with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take the horizon in,
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
 In scatter'd, sullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once:

The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn
Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunter's shout
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature ; all
Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy.

The Chase of the Stag.

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives ail his swift aerial soul to flight. 430
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind.
Deception short ! though fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot steaming, up behind him come again
The inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift. 440
He sweeps the forest oft, and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day,
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides ;
Oft seeks the herd : the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more, 450
Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay,

And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
 The big round tears run down his dappled face.
 He groans in anguish ; while the growling pack,
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore,
 Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chase, behold, despising flight,
 The rous'd-up lion, resolute and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended spear,
 And coward-band that, circling, wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the cavern and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf : on him his shaggy foe
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die ;
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

The Chase of the Fox.

These Britain knows not : give, ye Britons, then,
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold.
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
 Throw the broad ditch behind you : o'er the hedge
 High bound, resistless ; nor the deep morass
 Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way : into the perilous flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;
 And, as you ride the torrent, to the banks,
 Your triumph sound sonorous running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd.
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;
 Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn,

In fancy swallowing up the space between,
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game,
 For happy he who tops the wheeling chase ;
 Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
 Disclos'd ; who knows the merits of the pack ;
 Who saw the villain seiz'd and dying hard,
 Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
 Relentless torn : oh glorious he, beyond
 His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
 With woodland honours grac'd ; the fox's fur,
 Depending decent from the roof ; and spread
 Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
 The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,
 When the night staggers with severer toils,
 With feats Thessalian centaurs never knew,
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

490

500

The Fox-Hunters' Evening.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide.
 The tankards foam : and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoking sirloin stretch'd immense
 From side to side ; in which, with desperate knife,
 They deep incision make, and tell the while
 Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
 While hence they borrow vigour : or amain
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow,
 Relating all the glories of the chase.
 Then sated hunger bids his brother thirst
 Produce the mighty bowl : the mighty bowl
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
 A potent gale, delicious as the breath
 Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,

510

On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
 Of thirty years ; and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty moments, whist awhile
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe ; or the quick dice
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon ; while romp-loving miss
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last, these puling idlenesses laid
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle, and set, ardent, in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
 Indulg'd apart ; but earnest, brimming bowls
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus, as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
 Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
 Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
 Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart.
 That moment, touch'd is each congenial soul ;
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
 The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse, go round ;
 While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
 Mix in the music of the day again.
 As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep

The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls,
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading through the misty sky,
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itself was drunk,
Lie, a wet broken scene ; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social slaughter, where astride
The lubber power in filthy triumph sits,
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all ; and from his buried flock,
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

560

The Evening Occupations of Women.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of the British fair.
Far be the spirit of the chase from them !
Uncomely courage, unbecoming skill,
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed,
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire ;
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;
And from the smallest violence to shrink,

570

580

Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears—
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging man.
 Oh may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,
 Through love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
 In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress,
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;
 To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm,
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten nature's dainties ; in their race
 To rear their graces into second life ;
 To give society its highest taste ;
 Well-order'd home man's best delight to make ;
 And, by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art,
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 Even charm the pains to something more than joy,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life.
 This be the female dignity and praise.

A View of an Orchard.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank,
 Where, down yon vale, the wildly winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song

The woodlands raise : the clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade ;
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree,
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair ;
Melinda, formed with every grace complete,
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

620

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd, and taste, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
By nature's all-refining hand prepar'd ;
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing composition mix'd.
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-rejected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores, and, active, points
The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue :
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
Phillips, Pomona's bard, the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
With British freedom sing the British song :
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines

630

640

Foam in transparent floods ; some strong, to cheer
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind ;
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.

550

Bub Dodington's Seat in Dorset.

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day,
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of, Dodington ! thy seat, serene and plain,
 Where simple nature reigns, and every view,
 Diffusive spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
 In boundless prospect, yonder, shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks.
 Meantime, the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravished eye.
 New beauties rise with each revolving day ;
 New columns swell ; and still the fresh Spring finds
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
 Full of thy genius all ! the muses' seat,
 Where, in the secret bower and winding walk,
 For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
 Here, wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
 Of thy applause, I solitary court
 Th' inspiring breeze, and meditate the book
 Of nature ever open ; aiming thence,
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
 Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought ;
 Presents the downy peach, the shining plum,
 With a fine bluish mist of animals
 Clouded ; the ruddy nectarine ; and dark,
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
 The vine, too, here her curling tendrils shoots ;

560

570

580

Hangs out her clusters, glowing, to the south ;
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Picture of a Vineyard.

Turn we, a moment, fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent,
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day,
Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse, and drinks, amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear, 690
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent ; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray,
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain : the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood, 700
That, by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy :
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;
The mellow-tasted burgundy ; and, quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay champagne.

Autumn Fogs.

Now, by the cool, declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill. 710

No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
 And high between contending kingdoms rears
 The rocky long division, fills the view
 With great variety ; but in a night
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain.
 Vanish the woods. The dim-seen river seems
 Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
 E'en in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
 Sheds weak and blunt his wide-refracted ray ;
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
 Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
 Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
 The shepherd stalks gigantic ; till at last
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
 Successive closing, sits the general fog
 Unbounded o'er the world ; and, mingling thick,
 A formless grey confusion covers all ;
 As when, of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)
 Light, uncollected, through the chaos urg'd
 Its infant way ; nor order yet had drawn
 His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

The Origin of Springs and Rivers.

These roving mists, that constant now begin
 To smoke along the hilly country, these,
 With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
 The mountain cisterns fill, those ample stores
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks ;
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.

Some sages say that, where the numerous wave
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,
 Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,
 The waters with the sandy stratum rise ;
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs ;
 But to the mountain courted by the sand,
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent main, it boils again
 Fresh into day ; and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive dream ! why should the waters love
 To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed ?
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
 They must aspire, why should they sudden stop
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long ?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choke
 Their secret channels, or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales.
 Old Ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought Deucalion's watery times again.

Say, then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
 That, like creating nature, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes ?

750

760

770

O thou pervading genius, given to man,
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
 Oh, lay the mountains bare ; and wide display
 Their hidden structure to the astonish'd view !
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny load ;
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds.
 Give opening Hæmus to my searching eye,
 And high Olympus pouring many a stream.
 Oh, from the sounding summits of the north,
 The Dofrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main ;
 From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ
 Believes the stony girdle of the world ;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods—
 Oh, sweep th' eternal snows ! Hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his sounding base
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread. Unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day
 Of Abyssinia's cloud compelling cliffs,
 And of the bending Mountains of the Moon.
 O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant Line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold !
 Amazing scene ! Behold ! the glooms disclose :
 I see the rivers in their infant beds ;
 Deep, deep, I hear them labouring to get free.
 I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd ;

750

790

800

810

The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
 Strew'd bibulous above, I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts,
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
 Beneath the incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense, 820
 The mighty reservoirs of harden'd chalk,
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst,
 And, welling out around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 The exhaling sun, the vapour-burthen'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that, to rain condens'd, 830
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

Migratory Birds and their Resorts.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
 The swallow-people; and, toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift
 The feather'd eddy floats, rejoicing once, 840
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats:

Or rather into warmer climes convey'd
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back ; for, thronging, now
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of liberty,

850

The stork assembly meets, for many a day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
 Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
 And now, their route design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings,
 And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round and round—in congregation full
 The figur'd flight ascends, and, riding high
 The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

860

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides,
 Who can recount what transmigrations there
 Are annual made ? what nations come and go ?
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise,
 Infinite wings, till all the plume-dark air
 And rude-resounding shore are one wild cry ?
 Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
 And herd diminutive of many hues,
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign ; or, to the rocks
 Dire clinging, gathers his ovarious food ;
 Or sweeps the fishy shore ; or treasures up
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
 Of luxury.

870

820

830

840

Scotland and Her Patriotic Sons.

And here awhile the muse,
 High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
 Sees Caledonia in romantic view ; 880
 Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
 Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by nature's hand
 Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,
 Poured out extensive, and of watery wealth
 Full : winding deep, and green her fertile vales ;
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed, 890
 With sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook),
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams
 O'er Orca's or Berubium's highest peak :
 Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
 Trained up to hardy deeds ; soon visited
 By learning, when before the Gothic rage
 She took her western flight. A manly race,
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave,
 Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard
 (As well unhappy Wallace can attest, 900
 Great patriot-hero ! ill-requited chief !)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state ;
 Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempted glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil ;
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over Europe burst the Boreal morn.

Argyle and Forbes.

Oh! is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that god-like luxury is plac'd,
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
 Through late posterity? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry, to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain,
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil;
 How, by the finest art, the native robe
 To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
 To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
 How to dash wide the billow, nor look on,
 Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms
 That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
 The prosperous sail from every growing port,
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircled globe;
 And thus, in soul united as in name,
 Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle.
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring country turns her eye;
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
 Her pride of honour, and her courage tried,
 Calm and intrepid, in the very throat
 Of sulphurous war, on Taisniere's dreadful field.
 Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow,
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;

While, mix'd in thee, combine the charm of youth,
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
 Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
 Thee truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

The Fading Woods and Verdure.

But see, the fading many-colour'd woods, 950
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round
 Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
 Of every hue, from wan declining green
 To sooty black. These now the lonesome muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
 Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle current; while, illumin'd wide, 960
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
 And, through their lucid veil, his soften'd force
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
 For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
 And soar above this little scene of things;
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet:
 To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
 And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise, 970
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
 And through the sadden'd grove, wherescarce is heard
 One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.

Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
 Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse ;
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
 And each wild throat, whose artless strain so late
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought save chattering discord in their note.
 Oh, let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
 The gun the music of the coming year
 Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
 Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground.

986

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
 Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles through the waving air.
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;
 Till chok'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the field ;
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd
 Of bolder fruits, falls from the naked tree ;
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

990

1006

The Thoughts produced by Autumn.

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the power
 Of philosophic melancholy comes.
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,

The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
 The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes,
 Inflames imagination, through the breast
 Infuses every tenderness, and far
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
 Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
 As fast the correspondent passions rise,
 As varied, and as high ; devotion rais'd
 To rapture and divine astonishment ;
 The love of nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
 Of human race ; the large ambitious wish
 To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth
 Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn
 Of tyrant pride ; the fearless great resolve ;
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory through remotest time ;
 Th' awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame ;
 The sympathies of love and friendship dear ;
 With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh ! bear me then to vast embowering shades,
 To twilight groves and visionary vales,
 To weeping grottoes and prophetic glooms,
 Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ;
 And voices more than human, through the void
 Deep sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear !

The Country-seat of Stowe.

Or is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye powers
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat
 Preside, which shining through the cheerful land,

1010

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In countless numbers blest Britannia sees ;
 Oh, lead me to the wide-extended walks,
 The fair majestic paradise, of Stowe !
 Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
 E'er saw such sylvan scenes, such varied art
 By genius fired, such ardent genius tam'd
 By cool judicious art, that in the strife,
 All-beauteous nature fears to be outdone.
 And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
 Or in that temple where, in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
 While there with thee the enchanted round I walk,
 The regulated wild, gay fancy then
 Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land ;
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth
 Of nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind :
 Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou
 To mark the varied movements of the heart ;
 What every decent character requires,
 And every passion speaks. Oh ! through her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence, that moulds
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
 Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes corruption on her venal throne.
 While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes.
 What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
 Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,

Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
 And long-embattled hosts ; when the proud foe,
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
 Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war ;
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
 The British youth would hail thy wise command,
 Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.

1080

Moonlight in Autumn.

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day ;
 And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
 The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon
 Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
 Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
 Turned to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
 And caverns deep, as optic tube describes,
 A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
 Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
 Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
 Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

1090

1100

Meteors and the Superstitious Fear of Them.

But when half-blotted from the sky her light,
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn

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With keener lustre through the depth of heaven ;
 Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ;
 Oft in this season, silent from the north
 A blaze of meteors shoots. Ensweeping first
 The lower skies, they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once,
 Relapsing quick, as quickly re-ascend,
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew ;
 All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious through the crowd,
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
 Th' appearance throws : armies in meet array,
 Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire ;
 Till, the long lines of full-extended war
 In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene,
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,
 Incontinent ; and busy frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle ; cities overturn'd,
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce-ascending flame ;
 Of sallow famine, inundation, storm ;
 Of pestilence, and every great distress ;
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
 The unalterable hour. Even nature's self
 Is deemed to totter on the brink of time.
 Not so the man of philosophic eye,
 And inspect sage. The waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this appearance beautiful and new.

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The Coming of Day.

Now, black and deep, the night begins to fall,
 A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth. 1140
 Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
 Distinction lost; and gay variety
 One universal blot; such the fair power
 Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
 Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
 Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge,
 Nor visited by one directive ray,
 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on, 1150
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
 The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss;
 Whither decoyed by the fantastic blaze,
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf;
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife
 And plaintive children his return await,
 In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
 Sent by the better genius of the night, 1160
 Innocuous, gleaming on the horse's mane,
 The meteor sits, and shows the narrow path,
 That winding leads through pits of death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.
 The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright
 Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
 And now the mounting sun dispels the fog.
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
 And, hung on every spray, on every blade
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round. 1170

A Destroyed Beehive.

Ah, see where, robb'd and murder'd, in that pit
 Lies the still-heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
 And fixed o'er sulphur; while, not dreaming ill,
 The happy people, in their waxen cells,
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
 Of temperance for Winter poor; rejoic'd
 To mark full flowing round, their copious stores.
 Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
 And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
 By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
 And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
 Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
 Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
 For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
 Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
 O man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
 Shall prostrate nature groan beneath your rage,
 Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
 Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
 Can you not borrow, and, in just return,
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds?
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
 Again regale them on some smiling day?
 See where the stony bottom of their town
 Looks desolate and wild, with here and there
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
 (As late, Palermo, was thy fate,) is seiz'd

1180

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1200

By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
 Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.

Harvest Festivities.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and high;
 Infinite splendour, wide investing all. 1210
 How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
 How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch
 How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
 The radiant sun how gay! how calm below,
 The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
 Now gathered in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defied; 1220
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth;
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,
 By the quick sense of music taught alone,
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
 Her every charm abroad, the village toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
 Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
 Points an approving smile, with double force
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines. 1230
 Age, too, shines out, and garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh! knew he but his happiness, of men

The happiest he, who, far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.

The Joys and Blessings of a Country Life.

What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd ?
 Vile intercourse! What though the glittering robe,
 Of every hue reflective light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools, oppress him not ?
 What though, from utmost land or sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary life
 Pleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury and death? What though his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice? nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
 What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?
 Sure peace is his; a solid life estrang'd
 To disappointment and fallacious hope;
 Rich in content; in nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
 When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap—
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;

1240

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Nor bleating mountains, nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
 Nor aught beside of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
 Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
 Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
 Health, ever blooming; unambitious toil;
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

1270

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain
 And beat for joyless months the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let this through cities work his eager way,
 By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct; and that ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right;
 An iron race! and those of fairer front
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp and dark cabals, delight,
 Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
 While he from all the stormy passions free
 That restless men involve, hears and but hears,

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At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats and flowery solitudes,
To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshened soul. Her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes, in vain.
In summer, he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hæmus cool, reads what the muse, of these
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung,
Or what she dictates writes; and oft, an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and through the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoar waste,
Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night, the skies,
Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on the exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,

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O'er land and sea imagination roams;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being and unfolds his powers;
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred, too, and love he feels;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
 And guilty cities, never knew; the life
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man.

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The Poet's Devotion to Nature.

O Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works;
 Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
 Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
 Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift;
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
 A search the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!

1360

AUTUMN.

43

But if to that unequal, if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition, under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From thee begin,
Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude, my song;
And let me never, never stray from thee!

1370

END OF AUTUMN.

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WINTER.

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
 Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
 Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,
 These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought
 And heavenly musing. Welcôme, kindred glooms!
 Congenial horrors, hail! With frequent foot,
 Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
 When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
 And sung of nature with unceasing joy,
 Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain; 10
 Trod the pure virgin snows, myself as pure;
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrents burst;
 Or seen the deep fermenting tempest, brew'd,
 In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
 Till, through the lucid chambers of the south
 Look'd out the joyous Spring—look'd out, and smil'd.

Dedication

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
 The muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.
 Since has she rounded the revolving year;
 Skimm'd the gay Spring; on eagle pinions borne, 20
 Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise;
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
 And now among the Wintry clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds;
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
 Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description and with manly thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30

And how to make a mighty people thrive ;
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul,
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal—
 A steady spirit, regularly free.
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot ; these the public hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the muse
 Record what envy dares not flattery call.

40

Approach of Winter.

Now, when the cheerless empire of the sky
 To Capricorn and Centaur Archer yields,
 And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year,
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.
 Faint are his gleams ; and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Through the thick air, as, cloth'd in cloudy storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky,
 And, soon descending, to the long dark night,
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
 Nor is the night unwish'd, while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
 Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
 Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
 Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
 Through nature shedding influence malign,
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
 The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
 And black with more than melancholy views.

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The cattle droop ; and o'er the furrow'd land,
 Fresh from the plough, the dun-discolour'd flocks,
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
 Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
 Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm ;
 And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
 And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook,
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
 Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.

70

A Rain-storm.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
 Wrapt in black glooms. First, joyless rains obscure
 Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul ;
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
 That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
 Lies, a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and, deepening into night, shut up
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
 Each to his home, retire, save those that love
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
 The cattle from the untasted fields return,
 And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
 Or ruminant in the contiguous shade.
 Thither the household feathery people crowd ;
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive and dripping ; while the cottage hind
 Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there
 Recounts his simple frolic : much he talks,
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

80

90

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,

And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along.
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
 Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again, constrain'd
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream.
 There, gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

A Wind-storm and Its Effects.

Nature ! great parent ! whose unceasing hand
 Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy works !
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul,
 That sees astonish'd. and astonish'd sings !
 Ye, too, ye winds ! that now begin to blow
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings ! say,
 Where your aerial magazines reserv'd
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm ?
 In what far distant region of the sky,
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm ?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd, red fiery streaks
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey ; while, rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
 Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,

The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray,
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
 Snatch'd in short eddies plays the wither'd leaf ; 130
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
 With broaden'd nostrils to the sky up-turn'd.
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
 Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140
 Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern ; and with wild wing
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
 And blind commotion heaves ; while, from the shore,
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150
 And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice,
 That, solemn sounding, bids the world prepare.
 Then issues forth the storm, with sudden burst.
 And hurls the whole precipitated air
 Down in a torrent. On the passive main
 Descends the ethereal force, and with strong gust
 Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
 Through the black night that sits immense around,
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn. 160

Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
 Wild as the winds, across the howling waste
 Of mighty waters: now the inflated wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
 Emerging thence again, before the breath
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
 And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
 Or shoal insidious, break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns.
 The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.

Thus, struggling through the dissipated grove,
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain,
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
 Then too, they say, through all the burthen'd air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
 That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
 With stars, swift gliding, sweep along the sky.
 All nature reels; till nature's King, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm.
 Then, straight, air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.

200

Reflections During the Night.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious night,
 And contemplation, her sedate compeer;
 Let me shake off the intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
 Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
 Where are you now, and what is your amount?
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
 Sad, sickening thought! And yet deluded man,
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
 And broken slumbers, rises, still resolv'd,
 With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

210

Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
 Oh! teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

220

A Snow-storm; its Effects on the Animal Creation.

The keener tempests rise; and, fuming dun
 From all the livid east or piercing north,
 Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb

A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
 And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
 Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
 At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
 Fall broad, and wide and fast ; dimming the day,
 With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
 Put on their winter robes of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
 Bow their hoar head ; and ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
 Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is ;
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,

And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispers'd,
 Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

260

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
 With food at will : lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict ; for, from the bellowing east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
 In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 The billowy tempest whelms ; till, upward urg'd,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,
 Tipp'd with a wreath high curling in the sky.

270

The Man Perishing in the Snow.

As thus the snows arise, and, foul and fierce,
 All winter drives along the darken'd air,
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain ;
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild, but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home : the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
 What black despair, what horror, fills his heart !
 When, for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
 His tufted cottage rising through the snow,

280

290

He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track and blest abode of man ;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
 What water ; of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death.
 Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
 In vain for him the officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm.
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold ;
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes, shuts up sense,
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
 Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blast.

The Prevalence of Human Pain and Misery.

Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence, surround ;
 They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,

And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain ;—
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame ;—how many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man ;—
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs ;—how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery ;—sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty ;—how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
Whence tumbled headlong from the heart of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse ;—
Even in the vale where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress ;—how many stand
Around the deathbed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think.
The conscious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate.
The social tear would rise, the social sigh,
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

330

340

350

The Prisons and Their Wretched Inmates.

And here, can I forget the generous band,
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ;
 Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans ;
 Where sickness pines ; where thirst and hunger burn ,
 And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice .
 While in the land of liberty, the land
 Whose every street and public meeting glow
 With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd ;
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth ;
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed ;
 Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep ;
 The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes,
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd, or bled ?
 Oh great design ! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
 Ye sons of mercy ! yet resume the search.
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light.
 Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod ;
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd remains : in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
 The toils of law (what dark insidious men
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
 And lengthen simple justice into trade),
 How glorious were the day that saw these broke,
 And every man within the reach of right !

Descent of the Wolves.

By wintry famine mous'd, from all the tract
 Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,

And wavy Apennines, and Pyrenees,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands,
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave,
 Burning for blood, bony, and gaunt, and grim,
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend,
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The godlike face of man avails him nought.
 Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
 The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
 But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrouded body from the grave, o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they howl.

400

410

An Avalanche.

Among those hilly regions, where, embrac'd
 In peaceful vales, the happy Grisons dwell,
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
 Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
 From steep to steep, loud thundering, down they come,
 A wintry waste in dire commotion all;
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd

420

Literary Converse for a Winter Evening.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of winter, while, without,
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
 Between the groaning forest and the shore
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene.
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the mighty dead,
 Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
 As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind
 With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
 Rous'd at the inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd volume, and, deep-musing, hail
 The sacred shades that slowly-rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes.

Illustrious Grecians.

First, Socrates,
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
 Invincible; calm reason's holy law,
 That voice of God within the attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life or death;
 Great moral teacher, wisest of mankind!
 Solon, the next, who built his commonweal
 On equity's wide base; by tender laws
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
 And of bold freedom, they unequall'd shone,
 The pride of smiling Greece and human kind.
 Lycurgus, then, who bow'd beneath the force

Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see,
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
 The firm devoted chief, who prov'd by deeds
 The hardest lesson which the other taught.
 Then Aristides lifts his honest front ;
 Spotless of heart, to whom the unflattering voice 460
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just ;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd ;
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty rival's fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears,
 Cimon, sweet-soul'd, whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch ; abroad,
 The scourge of Persian pride ; at home, the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art ;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 Timoleon, temper'd happy, mild, and firm,
 Who wept the brother, while the tyrant bled.
 And, equal to the best, the Theban pair
 Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He, too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind, 480
 Phocion, the good ; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm ;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.
 And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt

To save a rotten state ; Agis, who saw
 Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two Achæan heroes close the train :
 Aratus, who awhile relum'd the soul
 Of fondly-lingering liberty in Greece ;
 And he, her darling, as her latest hope,
 The gallant Philopœmen, who to arms
 Turned the luxurious pomp he could not cure ;
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain ;
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Illustrious Romans.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come !
 A race of heroes ! in those virtuous times,
 Which knew no stain, save that, with partial flame,
 Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd.
 Her better founder first, the light of Rome,
 Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons ;—
 Servius, the king, who laid the solid base
 On which, o'er earth the vast republic spread.
 Then the great consuls venerable rise :
 The public father who the private quelled,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad ;—
 He whom his thankless country could not lose,
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes ;—
 Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold ;—
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough ;—
 Thy willing victim, Carthage, bursting loose
 From all that pleading nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
 Imperious called, and honour's dire command ;—
 Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade

With friendship and philosophy retir'd ;—
 Tully, whose powerful eloquence awhile
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome ;—
 Unconquered Cato, virtuous in extreme ;
 And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.
 Thousands besides, the tribute of a verse
 Demand ; but who can count the stars of heaven ?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world ?

520

Behold, who yonder comes, in sober state,
 Fair, mild and strong, as in a vernal sun ?
 'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan swain !
 Great Homer, too, appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song ! and, equal by his side,
 The British muse : join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
 Nor absent are those shades whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew the impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported Athens with the moral scene ;
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd the enchanting lyre.

530

540

First of your kind ! society divine !
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
 Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine.
 See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof, with sense retin'd,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudied wit, and humour ever gay.
 Or, from the Muses' hill will Pope descend,
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social spirit warm the heart !
 For though not sweeter his own Homer sings,

550

Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, Hammond? thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!

Ah, why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime

Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast

Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,

Why wert thou ravish'd from our hopes so soon?

What now avails that noble thirst of fame,

Which stung thy fervent breast; that treasur'd store

Of knowledge, early gained; that eager zeal

To serve thy country, glowing in the band

Of youthful patriots who sustain her name?

What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm

Of sprightly wit; that rapture for the muse,

That heart of friendship and that soul of joy,

Which bade, with softest light, thy virtues smile?

Ah! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits,

And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

Subjects Proposed.

Thus, in some deep retirement would I pass

The winter glooms, with friends of pliant soul,

Or blithe or solemn, as the theme inspir'd;

With them would search, if nature's boundless frame

Was call'd late rising, from the void of night,

Or sprung eternal from the Eternal Mind;

Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.

Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole

Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;

And each diffusive harmony unite

In full perfection, to the astonish'd eye.

Then would we try to scan the moral world,

Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on

In higher order; fitted and impell'd

By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
 In general good. The sage historic muse
 Should next conduct us through the deeps of time ;
 Show us how empire grew, declin'd and fell,
 In scattered states ; what makes the nations smile, 590
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns ;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 In nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 That portion of divinity, that ray
 Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
 Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless, humble fortune to repress
 These ardent risings of a kindling soul ;
 Then, even superior to ambition, we 600
 Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide
 Through shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life ; or snatch'd away by hope,
 Through the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
 Of happiness and wonder, where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would ply the shapes 610
 Of frolic fancy ; and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively wit excites to gay surprise ;
 Or folly-painting-humour, grave himself,
 Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Winter Evening in the Country.

Meantime the village rouses up the fire ;
 While, well attested, and as well believ'd,

Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all ;
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round ;
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd ; the long loud laugh sincere ;
 The kiss, snatch'd hastily from the sidelong maid,
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep ;
 The leap, the slap, the haul ; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

Winter Evening in the City.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
 Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls ; and in one gulf
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
 Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp.
 The circle deepens : beamed from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves ;
 While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks ;
 Othello rages ; poor Monimia mourns ;
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast ; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek ; or else the comic muse

Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life ; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil show'd.

Panegyric on Lord Chesterfield.

O thou, whose wisdom, solid, yet refin'd,
 Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the graces can bestow,
 And all Apollo's animating fire,
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once, the guardian, ornament, and joy,
 Of polish'd life—permit the rural muse,
 O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song !
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
 Indulge her fond ambition in thy train,
 (For every muse has in thy train a place,)
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind ;
 To mark that spirit which, with British scorn,
 Rejects the allurements of corrupted power ;
 That elegant politeness, which excels,
 Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,
 The boasted manners of her shining court ;
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
 The truth of nature, which, with Attic point,
 And kind, well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals through the soul, and without pain, corrects.
 Or, rising thence, with yet a brighter flame,
 Oh, let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd
 Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
 Then, dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,

660

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Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears.
 Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
 Her own enlighten'd thoughts : call'd from the heart
 The obedient passions on thy voice attend ;
 And even reluctant party feels awhile
 Thy gracious power ; as through the varied maze
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood

690

Frost and its Effects.

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy muse ;
 For now, behold, the joyous winter days,
 Frosty, succeed ; and through the blue serene,
 For sight too fine, the ethereal nitre flies,
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
 Storing afresh with elemental life.
 Close crowds the shining atmosphere, and binds
 Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constrigent ; feeds and animates our blood ;
 Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain,
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
 All nature feels the renovating force
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire ; and luculent along
 The purer rivers flow ; their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser, at the fixing frost.

700

710

What art thou, frost ? and whence are thy keen stores

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680

Deriv'd, thou secret, all-invading power,
 Whom even the illusive fluid cannot fly?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
 Let down the flood, and half-dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,
 The whole imprison'd river growls below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
 The village dog deters the nightly thief.
 The heifer lows: the distant water-fall
 Swells in the breeze; and with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen; and all one cope
 Of starry glitter glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
 Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes nature fast. It freezes on,
 Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent night:
 Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,

720

730

740

Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendent icicle ; the frost-work fair,
 Where transient hues and fancied figures rise ;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn ;
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave ;
 And by the frost refin'd, the whiter snow
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

Various Winter Amusements.

On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
 While every work of man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
 And revelry dissolv'd ; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train ! the raptur'd boy
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
 Branched out in many a long canal extends,
 From every province swarming, void of care,
 Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep,
 On sousing skates, a thousand different ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
 The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
 Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
 Their long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
 The manly strife, with highly-blooming charms,
 Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
 Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.
 Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day ;
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,

Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon,
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff.
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents awhile to the reflected ray.
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those who, with the gun
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
 Worse than the season, desolate the fields ;
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

790

Winter in Extreme Northern Regions.

But what is this? our infant Winter sinks,
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
 Astonish'd shoot into the frigid zone ;
 Where, for relentless months, continual night
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.
 There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
 Barr'd by the hand of nature from escape,
 Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
 Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow ;
 And heavy-loaded groves ; and solid floods,
 That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
 Their icy horrors to the frozen main ;
 And cheerless towns, far-distant, never bless'd,
 Save when its annual course the caravan
 Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,
 With news of human kind. Yet there life glows ;
 Yet, cherished there, beneath the shining waste,
 The furry nations harbour ; tipp'd with jet,
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;

800

810

Sables, of glossy black ; and dark embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new-fall'n snows ; and, scarce his head
 Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
 Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.

The ruthless hunter wants not dogs nor toils,
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
 The fearful, flying race : with ponderous clubs,
 As weak against the mountain heaps they push
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on the ensanguin'd snows,
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There through the piny forest half absorpt,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn.

Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase,
 He makes his bed beneath the inclement drift,
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
 That see Bootes urge his tardy wain,
 A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus pierc'd,
 Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
 Drove martial horde on horde, with dreadful sweep
 Resistless rushing o'er the enfeebled south,
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
 Not such the sons of Lapland : wisely they
 Despise the insensate barbarous trade of war.
 They ask no more than simple nature gives ;
 They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.

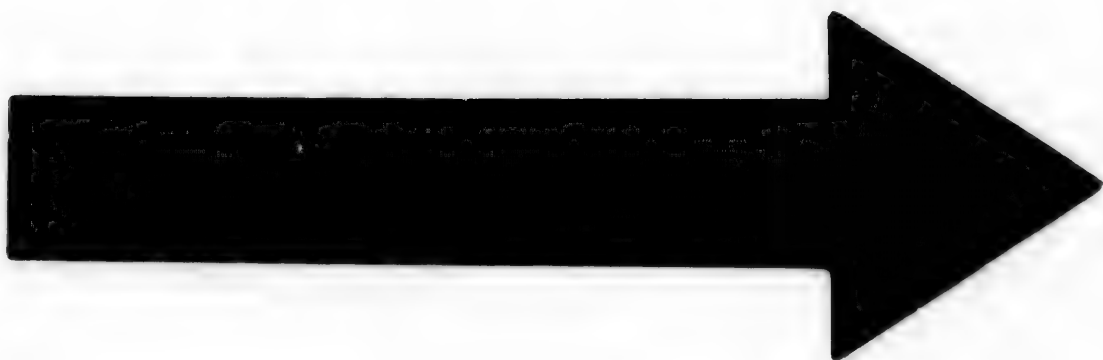
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time.
And through the restless, ever-tortured maze
Of pleasure or ambition, bid it rage. 860
Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth,
Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
With a blue crust of ice, unbounded, glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 865
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With double lustre from the glossy waste,
Even in the depth of polar night, they find
A wondrous day; enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.
Wish'd spring returns; and from the hazy south,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees extends the swelling curve;
Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870
Still round and round his spiral course he winds;
And, as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and re-ascends the sky.
In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
Where pure Niemi's fairy mountains rise,
And fring'd with roses, Tenglio rolls his stream,
They draw the copious fry. With these at eve,
They cheerful—loaded to their tents repair;
Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
Their kind, unblemished wives the fire prepare. 880

Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
 From regal plunder and rapacious power :
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice : whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on beyond Tornea's lake,
 And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
 And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
 The muse expands her solitary flight ;
 And, hovering, o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath another sky.

Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
 Here winter holds his unrejoicing court ;
 And, through his airy hall, the loud misrule
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard ;
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence, winding eastward, to the Tartar's coast,
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;
 Where, undissolving, from the first of time,
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ;
 And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
 Alps frown on Alps ; or, rushing hideous down,
 As if old chaos was again return'd,
 Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The binding fury ; but in all its rage



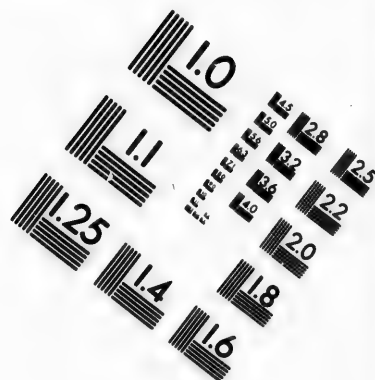
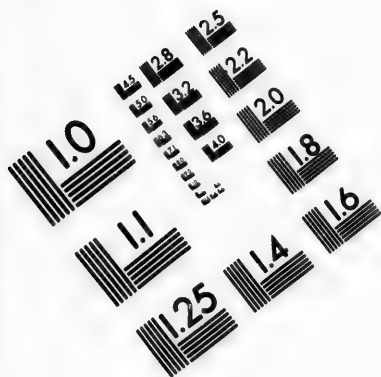
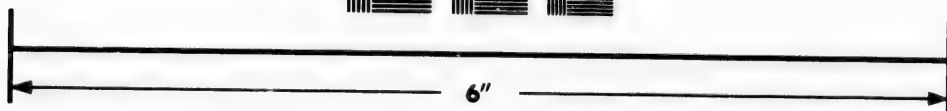
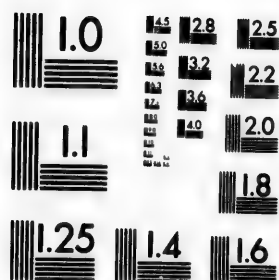


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Of tempest, taken by the boundless frost,
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they !
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun ;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's fate,
 As with first prow (what have not Britons dar'd ?)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues ; to the cordage glued
 The sailor and the pilot to the helm.

920

930

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men ;
 And, half-enliven'd by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens man as well as plants,
 Here human nature wears its rudest form.
 Deep from the piercing season, sunk in caves,
 Here, by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness, they know ; nor aught of life,
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without ;
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight, brightening o'er their fields,
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

940

• **Panegyric on Peter the Great.**

What cannot active government perform ; 950
 New-moulding man? Wide stretching from these shores,
 A people savage from remotest time,
 A huge neglected empire, one vast mind,
 By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
 Immortal Peter ! first of monarchs ! He
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons ;
 And, while the fierce barbarian he subdued,
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the man.
 Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd 960
 Through long successive ages to build up
 A labouring plan of state, behold at once
 The wonder done ! Behold the matchless prince
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
 A mighty shadow of unreal power ;
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts ;
 And roaming every land—in every port,
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
 Unwearied plying the mechanic tool—
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
 Charg'd with the stores of Europe, home he goes ;
 Then cities rise amid the illumin'd waste ;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign ;
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd.
 The astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar ;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before ; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic Alexander of the north, 980
 And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
 Sloth flies the land, and ignorance, and vice,

920

930

stream

940

Of old dishonour proud ; it glows around,
 Taught by the royal hand that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade :
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great example show'd.

A Thaw Producing Floods and Icebergs.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdued,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.

900

Spotted the mountains shine : loose sleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ;
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash'd the ungenial pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north ;
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.

1000

And, hark ! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep : at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round ?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main,
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan

1010

And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
 Tempest the loosen'd brine, while, through the gloom,
 Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye,
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
 Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

1020

Human Life Compared to the Changing Seasons.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
 See here thy pictur'd life! Pass some few years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent festive nights? those veering thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth! Awakening nature hears
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,

1030

1040

990

1000

1010

Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd : see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And died neglected ; why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul ;
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude—while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants : why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge ; why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Embittered all our bliss. Ye good distress'd !
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile ;
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more.
 The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

1050

1060

END OF WINTER.

NOTES.

AUTUMN.

1. **Crown'd limits Autumn.**

sickle.—Contrast with modern implements.

Wheaten.—Of wheat. Seldom used now.

3. **jovial.**—Like Jove (Jupiter), merry and sociable. If the planet Jupiter were in the ascendant at one's birth, it was prognostic of a happy and successful life. Compare *mercurial* and *saturnine*.

Doric reed, i.e., pastoral poetry, which among the Greeks was confined to the Doric dialect, and was written by Theocritus, Bion and Moschus. Reeds were the origin of musical pipes of all kinds. What are the chief characteristics of pastoral poetry? Name any English writers of this variety of poetry.

5. **Nitrous** is an adv. The meaning of the word here is hard to see, unless allusion is made to the great fertilizing power of nitre and other salts. The construction is, "Whatever has been prepared by Winter, promised by Spring, and ripened by Summer, now rushes perfected to view." —*Morris*. But see notes to *Winter*, l. 694.

6-7. **promise.**—Blossom.

concocted.—Ripened. Lat. meaning. Parse *rush* and *swell*.

9. **Onslow.**—Speaker of the House of Commons from 1728 to 1761. His duty would be to *listen* to the public voice (11), to keep order, and not to make speeches (15).

13-14. A strange succession of images; the virtues **distend** his mind, are **spread** on his brow, and **burn** in his bosom. Compare Burke, "thousands hung with rapture on his accents." *Panegyric on Sheridan*.

15-18. **Senate** would better apply to the House of Lords, but is here used poetically for any deliberative assembly.

devolving.—Employed in an unusual sense. Derive, and exemplify its ordinary meaning.

periods.—In oratory and poetry the usual word for sentence. Strictly speaking, a *period*, as compared with a *loose* sentence, is one in which the meaning remains in suspense till the sentence is finished.

she too.—The muse, referring to the poets and other literary men opposed to Walpole and calling themselves patriots. Walpole was essentially a peace minister.

pants for.—Eagerly desires.

19. Notice the *of* after weak, yet *in* after strong.

23-4. Virgo, the Virgin.—The 6th division or sign of the Zodiac, beginning on the 21st August. Libra, the balance, is the next, beginning 21st September, when the days and nights are equal. Libra would be just half-way in the old Roman year, which began in March.

25. The effulgence (nom. abs.) of parting Summer being *shaken* from heaven's *canopy*.

26-7. *enlivened*.—Notice the antithesis to the idea in *serene*. We apply the term *relieved* to occasional and pleasing changes from a dull monotony of colour.

attempered.—Softened.

29. *lucid*.—Clear, from the light of the sun. *Pellucid* is common in this sense.

30-2. Notice the alliteration, and the beauty of the picture.

33. Many poets have this thought, but few have so happily expressed it as Thomson in this line; so in lines 37-9.

34. *ruffled*.—Disturbed; we speak of ruffled temper, and ruffled water, but never of ruffled air.

poise.—Equilibrium.

35-6. *gives*, *i.e.*, causes the breezes to blow. A similar use of *gives* occurs in Coleridge's lines to Genevieve,

"Yet not your heavenly beauty *gives*
This heart with passion soft to *glow*."

37. *different*.—In different direction; the root meaning (derive), but seems very harsh here. Note the frequency and freedom with which T. uses adjectives with an adverbial force.

38. Give different meanings of the word *fit*.

40-2. *a view unbounded tossing*.—Nom. absol.

41. *shoot*.—See W., lines 795-6.

43. Why is Industry called a rough power?
These.—What?

45. *source*.—In apposition with Industry.

46. *civility*.—Refinement, opposite of wild, savage. Latin use. Compare *urbanity*.

47. Notice T. says cast out by Nature, not by God. Explain the allusion.

50. *et seq.* Compare a passage at the close of Browning's Paracelsus, commencing, "Wherefore take accounts of feverish starts."—*Morris*.

52. (with) materials poured around.

53. *unconscious*, *i.e.*, of these seeds and materials.

54. **corruption.**—Produce of nature allowed to rot and spoil.

56. **savage, i.e.,** the year of the savage—transferred epithet.

57-9. **sad.**—Gloomy, sullen, like Lat. *tristis*.

tusky.—Commonly *tusked*.

60-62. What figure here?

let fly seems a low expression for this place.

63-4. he sordid pined away the season.

sordid—Dirty and uncared for.

season.—What case?

65. **resort of** is usually followed an object denoting a person; “frequented by” is an equivalent phrase.

70. Is **even** correctly placed?

74. Is **unfolded** trans. or intrans.?

75-6. **lavish.**—Synonyme?

to raise.—Increase.

77. **mechanic.**—What is the usual word?

78. **vaulted.**—What is meant?

79. Extracting metals from their ores.

80. Does this line refer in a general way to the employment of water and wind in the mechanical arts, or has it special reference to their use in connection with mineral products?

82. **chip.**—Chop.

84. **blood polluted, i.e.,** untanned.

86. **bright.**—Adv.

lawn.—A fine kind of linen used for bishops’ sleeves, and in consequence the words *lawn-sleeves* are often used to designate a bishop. Compare *ermine*; see note on *Winter*, l. 812.

88. **generous glass inspired.**—T. probably had in his mind the words of Jotham, Judges 9-18, “Wine which cheereth God and man.” But in the next line, if he had put *indecent* instead of *decent*, many will think he would have been nearer the mark.

90. **barren** and **bare** are here properly enough used together, for although they are probably from the same root (A. S. *bar*, naked), they have diverged in their later applications. This process of divergence and discrimination goes on in every language, but the English being very composite in its character, and having borrowed so largely, has had very many such points of departure, and hence the language is very rich in synonyms.

96. There are two theories as to the origin of society; one that it was made; the other that it grew. The first is called the doctrine of the original contract, and is fully expounded by Hume in his essays. According to it, men feeling the isolation of living separately, met together in a large plain, and agreed to form a society and give that society a government.

It is almost needless to add, that this theory is opposed to historical evidence; there is no record or trace of the meeting. The other theory is that society began with the family, grew larger, and so became the state. On this theory, with its proofs, vide *Maine's Ancient Law*, chap. v., Thomson evidently favours the first view, which is now antiquated but was then generally accepted. It is rather a stretch, even of this theory, to make parliamentary institutions after the English model, the earliest form of government.—*Morris*. T., always an admirer of the British Constitution, seems quite unconscious of its defects; for instance, line 100 is quite misleading, and an advanced English Radical or Irish Home Ruler would see considerable satire in ll. 105-8.

96. Scan this line and point out others with similar irregularities.

104. If his reference is to England, as is probably the case, the Hanoverians were certainly the nominees of the Parliament. The first two Georges, being foreigners and incapable of wielding personal political influence, left the helm of state to their ministries, which was no doubt best for the country. The third George wished to be King again in the old pre-revolution way, and our American colonies were lost to us.

108. . . . This line means those who are not patriots, but merely eager for their own advancement.

111. **wrought**.—Intrans. This form instead of *worked* is used chiefly by the northern folk in England. *Wrought* might be taken as a participle, and *sprang* or some such verb supplied with *form*.

112. **high**.—In aim.

115-17. Construe, "Drew her sons from twining woody haunts or from strong-straining the tough yew to bows." From earliest times the yew was preferred for bows. . . . With what else is the *yew* associated in English literature? See e.g., *sepulchral yew*, *Lady of the Lake*, iii., 8, 9.

120. **crane**.—The most common form consists of an upright, revolving shaft with a projecting arm at the top. At the end of the arm is a fixed pulley, by which the weight is raised, and by the revolution of the shaft it can be deposited anywhere within the length of the arm.

122. **large**.—Capacious. The Thames (literally broad-water) is navigable for barges 200 miles up; vessels of 1,400 tons can come within five miles of London Bridge. At the Nore it is six miles wide, and eight miles below eighteen miles wide.

king.—On account of its shipping.

124. **groves**.—Applicable enough on account of the various docks in which the different classes of vessels are laid up.

126. **sooty**.—Black, perhaps referring to the colliers.

127. **barge**.—The barges used on ceremonial occasions by the City of London and the Admiralty are splendid affairs and supplied with many rowers. A man of war's barge is not usually showy, and is light enough to

be easily hoisted in or out. On our lakes, rivers and canals, barges are clumsy vessels of burden or draught, and are divided into coal-barges, sand-barges, etc.

128. **rowed**.—Being rowed, or better, intransit. past tense.

133. What is the British thunder? Why is the epithet *black* used?

main.—Ocean.

134. **magnific**.—Not used now; magnificent.

heaved.—Raised would seem to be a better word here.

136. Why is the word **glittering** used?

137. **embodied**.—The paintings being so life-like, stand out (*protuberant*) from the canvas as if they were the real objects instead of their representations. What three arts are referred to in ll. 134-40? Notice the antithesis in smooth and protuberant.

138. **breathe**.—Compare Macaulay, *Prophcey of Capys*, 28,

“The stone that breathes and struggles,
The brass that seems to speak.”

140. **imagination-flushed** is an unusual compound, but a very expressive one.

143. **him**.—Notice the gender? Why masc.? What principles influence us in personification?

145. **idly**.—In gusts, or doing no damage.

146. The luxuriant wealth of Spring reduced to order and symmetry; notions which underlie our ideas of beauty.

148. Nor could Summer transmit, etc.

waving stores is an awkward expression.

154. The peasant women of England often assist in the harvest field. The scene described belongs to the old sickle or reaping hook days.

154. Note the derivation of *lass* from *lad*.

156. **offices**.—Dutiful services, its former meaning.

157. **lusty**.—Vigorous, bulky (here). The noun means desire, and that in a bad sense.

160. Thomson's apology for the “rural scandal.”

to.—So as to.

162. The picture of the master behind, shocking or stooking the sheaves, is not an unfamiliar one, even in Canada.

163. **conscious**.—Feeling and showing satisfaction.

165. Leaving a small portion on the ground for the poor is a very old custom. The Jews were commanded to do so. Read Boaz's instructions to the reapers, Ruth i., 16.

166. **spike**.—Used here for an ear of corn or wheat. In botany an inflorescence, consisting of several flowers sessile on an axis or single stem, as in the mullein.

167. **narrow**, *i.e.*, stingy. Why does he add in the next line "with stealth" ?

172. **partners of your kind**.—Fellow members of your race.

173. **hover**.—To hang fluttering over or about, and thus gives the idea of anxiety and expectancy.

174. **dole**.—Same root as deal, that which is distributed grudgingly and in small portions.

175. Supply *think* or *reflect* before *that*. Paraphrase the sentence, 174-6.

179. What word in 178 does the clause beginning with **for** explain ?

180. **stay**.—Support. Explain why **innocence** is a stay.

183-4. Compare line 115, and notice the alliteration.

188-9. **giddy**.—Give the various meanings.

Almost fed.—Explain what is meant.

190. **gay**.—In plumage or in song ? Which meaning agrees best with the rest of the line ?

193. Notice the awkward accumulation of s-sounds in "wets its leaves."

196. **dejected**.—Cast down through modesty, not through sadness.

197. Why *humid* ?

198. Explain why **the** is better than *a* would be in this line.

200. Construe, "(she being) thrilled in her thought, they (the eyes) shone."

dewy star of evening.—Not necessarily Venus, but any star.

205-6. . . . Much quoted lines ; the idea is not original with Thomson, but his expression of it is a masterpiece.

207-17. T. sent an interleaved copy of the 1736 edition of the *Seasons* of Pope. This passage then stood :

"Thoughtless of beauty she was Beauty's self
Recluse among the woods ; if city dames
Will deign their faith ; and thus she went, compelled
By strong necessity, with as serene
And pleased a look as Patience e'er put on,
To glean Palemon's fields."

Pope drew his pen through these lines and wrote those in the text. Their beauty makes us regret Pope's writing in rhyme instead of blank verse. Thomson was too shrewd and too pleased not to adopt all of Pope's corrections, of which there are several. The friendship and intimacy of the two poets is honourable to both.

208. **recluse**.—Distinguish recluse and hermit.

211. The myrtle among the ancients was sacred to Venus as the symbol of youth and beauty, and is much referred to in poetry. Give the points of resemblance between the myrtle and Lavinia.

215. *et seq.* The story of Boaz and Ruth has evidently been in the poet's mind.

220. Arcadia, the centre division of the Peloponnesus, inhabited by a pastoral people passionately fond of music and dancing. The elegance, however, was rudeness to the rest of Greece, and the term "Arcadian youth" was only another name for a dunce. Compare the phrases "Arcades ambo," and "Arcadian simplicity."—Virg. *Ecl.* vii. 5, x. 32.

222. T. means the tyranny of fashion or social usage, but customs have been the foundation of the Common Law as well.

223. Construe, "To follow nature freely was the mode," or "The mode was free to follow nature."

229-30. Much quoted lines, expressive through their suggestiveness. "He saw her charming." Supply "to be." The verbs *see* and *know* are used in this way, with the omission of the "to be," which omission is the regular construction with the verb "find."

232-5. The connection and coherence of these lines are somewhat obscure. The sequence of tenses is not good. **For** introduces the reason of the previous statement implied in the word **unknown**. Construe "Unknown to himself, for still the world and its dread laugh (would have) prevailed if his heart should have owned (for its mistress) a gleaner, etc." The sentiment seems contradictory to ll. 222-3, and represents the rustic as fully alive to social distinctions.

236. Notice the alliterative beauty and the imagery of this line recalling the notion of the attendant and guiding dæmon of the ancients. See note on *Winter*, ll. 439-435.

237. **What pity!**—Compare the common phrase, "what a pity." **delicate**.—Pleasing to the eye or taste. Explain how this word has acquired the meaning of "*feeble*," the opposite of "*robust*."

238. Explain the meaning of **kindled** and **enlivening sense**.

239. **vulgar goodness**.—Common goodness; or perhaps the meaning is those virtues that belong only to the vulgar (common people).

241. **indecent**.—Ugly, awkward.

looks.—Appears to be. Parse **methinks**.

245. **gone down**.—Limits **patron**. Notice the peculiar use of **dissolved**.

248. "Urged (to retire) by sad remembrance and becoming pride."

252. Parse **would** and **were**.

256. **surprised**.—Took unawares. Comp. ll. 231-2.

258. **smothered**.—By what?

259-60. Two very expressive lines.

261. **confused, frightened**, may be taken with **beauties**, (she), or with **her**, if *her* be parsed as a pers. pron.

262. To flush a bloom is a rather strange phrase. **Bloom** may perhaps be taken in apposition with **beauties**.

263. **passionate**.—Full of strong emotion—the root meaning. Compare the phrases, "Passion Week," "The Passionate Pilgrim," etc.

264. **rapture**.—A state of mind in which the attention is carried away (*rapere*) from the ordinary things of life and completely engrossed by the ruling passion or feeling. Compare Byron,

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a *rapture* on the lonely shore."

265. Lavinia is called his **remains**, *i.e.*, what is left or representative of him. His widow would be called his *relict*, which has the same root meaning.

266-7. "Art thou she whom, etc." "Thou art the very same, etc."

269. Construe "being alive," or "is here alive."

272. **ah**.—Weak, seems like padding.

273. **sequestered**.—"Secluded. In Lat. *sequester* (*secus*) is a trustee in whose hands contested property is placed *pendente lite*. To sequester is (1) so to place property, (2) to put aside, to withdraw."—*Morris*. In the first sense *sequestrate* is more commonly used. In Scotch law, sequestration corresponds to bankruptcy.

274-5. May be paraphrased freely, "Thy smiling and beauteous form, expanding and blossoming into the perfection of womanhood."

276-7. So Gray says, "chill penury."

keen applies to the wind, **heavy** to the rain. A rather awkward construction.

282. Notice the effective repetition, and the change from the second person to the third.

283. **his**.—In apposition with **Acasto's**, antecedent of **whose**. The construction is not uncommon in Latin. Or supply **daughter** after **his**, and parse *his* as poss. adj.

285. Notice the limping construction, **father** in apposition with **Acasto's**, a poss. case.

288. **shameful pittance**.—Why shameful, and to whom?

289. **But ill-applied**.—Ill fitted for.

293. **power of blessing thee**.—Providing for her various needs and for her comfort.

294. Compare *Kg. Lear* iv. 5, 25.

297. **vulgar joy**.—What is Thomson's meaning?

299. **all**.—Quite.

302. **pierced**.—Engrossed in thought for Lavinia's fate. Compare *Winter*, 286.

304. (She) amazed and scarce believing, etc., joy seized her withered veins.

307. (She being) not less enraptured.

311. **defeating**.—Undoing.

314. **murmur** is not a good word—*rattle* would be more imitative of the sound made.

315. **soft-inclining**.—Pliant, and consequently bending before the breeze.

316. **fuller**.—Adj. for adv.

322. **high-beat**.—Beaten in their higher parts.

eddy.—Cause to move as an eddy, *i.e.*, collect.

325. **Exposed, naked**.—Limit *plain*.

327. Nor can it being whirled in air or shaken wastefully into worthless chaff, evade, etc.

332. **continuous** cannot refer to time ; there is only a burst of rain, for a time descending in one broad, continuous, connected sheet. Compare *Georgic* i., 318.

335. **flatted**.—The water filling up the hollows and thus levelling the whole.

sordid.—Full, and therefore unsightly with floating matter.

337. **red**.—From the soil washed away.

343-4. **painful**.—Laborious.

fled.—Having fled. *Æneid* ii., 305-8.

347. **descending**.—On the flood.

349-50. **unprovided for**.

clamant.—Crying out, clamouring for food.

353. **russet**.—Reddish brown cloth worn by country people and labourers on account of its serviceable colour. So, too, from their colour there are apples called russets.

354. Whose toil is warmth and ornament to your limbs.

355. **sparing board**.—What is meant? What figure?

357. **sparkle**.—With what?

sense.—Meaning of this word?

358-9. Although these lines are not inconsistent with the payment of a money-rent, yet perhaps T. had in mind the *metayer* system of letting land, which gives the landlord a part of the produce as rent. In Canada it is not uncommon, and is called letting on shares. The moral effect of the system is maintained by some to be beneficial, but the political economist views it

as unworthy of general adoption, as it is inconsistent with the cultivation of large areas or the employment of large capital. See Sismondi, and Rogers' Pol. Econ.

361. Distinguish winded, wínded, and wound.

362-4. **game**.—Sport.

tainted.—With the scent of the game. The pure-bred Pointer or Setter does not advance upon the game.

365-6. **draws full on**.—Approaches.

sensible.—Perceptive.

latent.—Hiding, the root meaning. What is the derived meaning?

367-8. **covey**.—A small flock of birds. (Fr. *couver*, to hatch), most commonly said of partridges.

every way.—In every direction.

373-7. **glanced**.—Aimed.

gun o'ertakes.—What figure?

again.—This word seems to relate to the phrase "to the ground."

towering wing.—Soaring flight.

378. **various**.—Notice how very freely T. uses adjectives with an adverbial force.

381. Then she is most delighted. Does **social** limit **she** or **creation**?

384. **game of death**, *i.e.*, the chase, in apposition with it in 383. All the Germanic nations have been fond of it. A humorous story is told of a French traveller, who observed that whenever one Englishman said to another, "it is a fine day," the answer generally was, "yes, let us go and kill something."—*Morris*.

385-8. **rage of pleasure**.—Would *rage for* pleasure have exactly the same force?

youth.—Obj. after "awakes."

ranged.—Prov. 28, 15. Give the other meanings of *range*.

389. **conscious**.—Transferred epithet.

390. **steady**.—Constant of purpose, never ceasing.

395. **gentle days**.—Explain the force of the epithet.

396. **ravening**.—Voracious. See Genesis 49, 27.

wanton.—Given to excess. The root meaning is "unrestrained;" see Skeat.

398-400. Relation of **fed** and **rolled**? Account for the singular **is**.

horrid.—T. uses this word in two senses, "bristling," the root meaning, and "terrible," the common meaning. For the first, see A. 400, 772, 782, W. 390, 829. Of course there are many places where either meaning will do.

401. Compare Cowper's opinion of the sport, *Task* iii., 326-331.

timid hare.—See n. on *W.*, 258. Hares (*Leporidae*) are found in both American continents, but in far greater numbers in the temperate parts of N. A. The chief species are the northern hare and the wood hare or grey rabbit. They change colour more or less in winter.

402. **Scare** is a good word here, as the meaning is suddenly frightened. In Canada "scared" is often improperly used for "afraid."

seat or form is the technical word for the place in which the hare takes refuge.

404. **chapped.**—In gaps or cracks; often applied to the hands.

405. **lawn.**—Here simply a green field.

broom.—The broom and furze (called also whin and gorse) are varieties of the same order, *Papilionaceae*. The broom grows farther to the north than the furze; they are both shrub-like in form, and both inhabit sandy upland tracts, and are covered with numerous solitary yellow flowers. Broom has been used to some extent in the arts, as tanning, dyeing, and its fibres have been even made into a coarse cloth. Furze in some countries, as Normandy, is cultivated as fodder, but only of course upon otherwise unproductive soils.

406. **fern.**—The two preceding plants are not indigenous to Ontario, but the ferns are numerous and found on every woody upland and river bottom.

407. **fallow.**—Ploughed, but lying idle for the season; often incorrectly pronounced "follow" in Canada.

408. **concoctive.**—Ripening. See *W.*, 706 n.

nodding.—Overhanging, sheltering.

412. The wide range of the eye being a provision for its safety.

413. To escape observation and the better to hear.

415-16. **labyrinth.**—Involved course.

openings.—Barking of the dogs on first catching sight of the game.

417. **coming storm.**—What is meant?

418. **nearer, more frequent.**—Attributive to it; an unusual inversion.

loads.—See *W.*, 1018.

amazed.—Struck with sudden fear. Usually derived from *a* (intensive, *Skeat*) and *maze*; but, according to Stormonth, from the same source as *dismayed* (O. F. *s'esmaier*, to be sad), a derivation which suits the use of the word in the text.

421. **full-opening.**—See n. on 416.

various.—In different tones; see n. on 378.

424. **all.**—Sums up the nom. abs., pack, horn, steed, shout.

426. Is **where** correctly used?

427. **ranged.**—See n. on 388.

monarch.—Case?

428. **tempest.**—Compare 317.
drives.—Intr.

429. **sprightly**, *i.e.*, sprite-like or spirit-like Has the notion of cheerfulness added to that of "aerial soul" (430).

431-2. Are these lines true to nature? Parse **way** and **more**.

435-6.—These lines have been much admired. Give reasons why. How would the employment of singular nouns affect the lines?

437-40. The inhuman rout adhesive—come sure, if slow, etc.

... **rout.**—Clamorous crowd.

shift.—Expedient. Give the other meanings of these two words.

441. **sobbing.**—Compare Scott's "While every gasp with sobs he drew." *L. of L.* 1, vii.

444. **wont.**—Was wont. The word as a verb is now out of use; but as a noun and an adj., in the senses of "custom" and "accustomed," is quite common.

446. Tries to lose the scent and tries to lave; *laves* would seem to be better. Notice the causative force of *lose*.

449. **vivid** seems to have same meaning as "so full of buoyant spirit." Compare above (429-30) "sprightly" and "aerial soul."

452. **sick** refers to "toil," but the whole expression is awkward. "Sick at heart" is the common phrase used of mental states. Great anxiety of mind affects powerfully the stomach and the heart; this is no doubt true of the lower animals also. See Darwin on the "Expression of Emotions in Men and Animals."

at bay, *i.e.*, in a bay formed by the dogs surrounding. Another and better derivation makes *bay* signify the baying (Fr. aboiement) of the dogs from the O. F. aboi, the barking of a dog.

454.—**big tears.**—See *As You Like It*, ii. 1-38. Horses and seals are said to weep.

456. **Blood-happy.**—Happy at the taste of blood. This would seem a rather startling compound with any other poet.

457. **chequered.**—Streaked and spotted with blood.

459. Notice the similar root meanings of "fervent" and "boil."

460. **despising flight.**—Not strictly true; all wild animals seem by instinct to recognize man's superiority, and very soon learn to fear and avoid him. See *W.*, 406 n.

461. **roused up.**—*Gen.* 49, 9, "Who will rouse him up."

462. **protended.**—Stretched forward, the root meaning.

463. **coward-band.**—Must refer to times or places in which the rifle was unknown.

464. **slunk**.—Having slunk, or by poetic license for slinking, creeping.
troubled.—By what?

465-6. **shaggy foe**.—The wolf-dog.
ruffian.—Seldom used of beasts.

467. **brindled**.—Coloured in stripes: also "brinded," a form Shaks. used, as in *Macbeth*; the first witch says, "Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd."—Act iv.

growling horrid.—Attributive to **boar**. See n. on 418.

468. **grins**.—Refers to the tusks (the canine teeth) which protrude, and are formidable weapons of defence.

469. **lighten**.—Light or alight would now be used; *in* or *on* would be a more suitable preposition than *to*.

nervous.—Has the same meaning as in the phrase, "a nervous style," *i.e.*, full of strength and vigour. Note the very opposite meaning, weak and spiritless.

470. **These Britain knows not**.—Yet T. recommends the youth to hunt them. The lion in historic times never inhabited Britain, but wild boars and wolves were numerous and had rewards offered for their heads. Wolves were not entirely extinct at the middle of the last century.

470-2. **loose**.—Adj. to **fury** or adv. to **pour**. With the phrase "give your fury to pour," compare "give thee to shine." W. 661 and note.

nightly.—What two meanings? Which preferable here?

473. Driven from his burrow.

475. Bound high o'er.

throw.—What is the usual word?

477. **shaking wilderness**.—Explain the force of these words.

478-9. **nice**.—This is a word much used (and abused) in America. The original meanings, "foolish, particular," may be traced through the Fr. *nice*, foolish, simple to the Latin *nescius*. T. is supported by Pope's rhyme,

"Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,
 Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice."

Bear.—Advance.

481. **sonorous, running, tossed**.—Limits triumph.

485. So Shaks. *Henry IV.*, i. 1, "He seemed in running to devour the way."

488. **guile**.—A doublet of *wile*. Which is the more common word in this sense? Compare the similar doublets, guard and ward, guarantee and warrant.

489. **Disclosed**.—Parse.

494. . . . **ghostly** seems unexpected and out of place, as introducing an idea quite irrelevant to this description.

495-7. **fox's fur depending.**—In a fox hunt, to be first in at the death, and to secure the brush mark the hero of the day.

depending.—Harging down.

497. **antic.**—Antique, ancient. So Milton, *Il. Pens.*,

“And love the high embowed roof
With *antic* pillars massy proof.”

499. Some paraphrase thus: “They stagger under the excessive drinking which even the Centaurs couldn’t equal, although they were noted drinkers.” See Hor. *Odes* i., 18-8, and *W. n.*, l. 42. Or it may mean, “When the night, exhausted by the recounting of feats unequalled by the Centaurs, is retreating before the coming day.”

501. **their.**—What is the antecedent? See ll. 493-4.

wonders.—What figure?

502-5. **foam.**—With ale.

sirloin.—The loin is said to have been sportively knighted by Charles II., or, according to others, James I., but unfortunately for this derivation the word is found to have been in existence before the time of James I. Probably the same as Fr. *sur-longe*.

desperate.—Although it seems an overstrong word, it gives us a lively idea of their appetites made keen by exercise, and their consequent rude way of eating.

508. **hence**, *i.e.*, from the “Roast Beef of Old England,” which is the theme and title of Fielding’s song. Beef-eating is popularly supposed to be the real cause of England’s superiority in arms and industry, if not in literature; but the lowest classes eat very little meat of any kind on account of its dearth; to which fact some sarcastically say their content and humility is due. (See Mr. Bumble’s observations in *Oliver Twist*.)

508. **amain.**—From A. S. *mægen*, strength, with energy. Compare the phrase “with might and main.”

513. **bowl.**—The punch bowl. Punch was named, it is said, from being composed of five ingredients (Hindoo “panch” five). As now made, the basis is some form of spirit, *e.g.*, whiskey, brandy or rum, with lemon, nutmeg, sugar, hot water, milk, etc. Fifty or sixty years ago it was a common drink, but it is now rarely seen, being perhaps a little too potent for the moderation and decorum of these latter days.

516. **Maia.**—Daughter of Atlas and mother of Mercury by Jove, was the eldest of the Pleiades. As there is no aptness in her being named, Maia is here probably put for the month of May.—*Morris*.

517.—**diffused.**—Reclining—probably in imitation of Virgil’s “*fusi per herbam*.”

519. **brown October.**—October refers to the month of brewing. Ale is doubtless meant, although the term *brown* better applies to porter, invented by Harwood in 1722. As Autumn was published in 1730, and T.

mentions thirty years as the age of the liquor, he must refer to ale. The brown colour of porter is due to the employment of malt roasted till it becomes brown.

520. **mature**.—Mellows and strengthens by keeping.

521. **honest front**.—Why is this expression used of the ale as against the wine?

522. **produce**.—Note the accent.

525. **grave sound**.—Grave (dull in some editions) may refer to the fact that whist (from *whist!* be silent), more than most games at cards, requires close attention and thought; perhaps because it is chiefly played by elderly people.

527. **thunder**.—An absurd hyperbole.

528. **gammon**.—The backgammon board. Distinguish gammon in its different meanings and derivations.

531. **puling**.—Whimpering, but here "feeble," "inane."

frequent.—Crowded. Compare Lat. *frequens senatus*.

531. **Divan** is a Persian word with various meanings:

(i.) A register of payments or accounts.

(ii.) A collection of poems by an author.

(iii.) An executive board, as the Privy Council of the Sultan.

(iv.) A reception room in palaces.

(v.) A low sofa or cushioned seat.

(vi.) (Eng.) A coffee-house where smoking is the chief pastime.

534. **sober-shift**, *i.e.*, expedient to keep sober.

536-7. Swimming, as we say, before their eyes.

fuddled.—Stupefied or unsteady with drink.

538. **mutual**.—Common.

swill.—Drinking greedily. *Comus*, 178.

544. **catch**.—A short vocal composition, sung by two or more voices which come in after one other, one *catching* up the melody as another drops it. Frequently, too, the different parts have different words.

546. **full-mouthed cry**.—A hunting term applied to the opening cry of the pack; in full cry.

547. **jocund curse**.—An unusual coupling.

548. **shook**.—Give the proper form, and the meaning.

550. Supply the clause with **as** in this line, and in 559.

553. **cumbrous**.—Show the force of the epithet.

554. **dissolved**.—Paralyzed.

maudlin.—Swollen and bleared with the tears that flow in this stage of intoxication. Derived from Mary Magdalen, whom the old painters represented with suffused, inflamed eyes.

555-6. **double tapers.**—The same cause for this as for the floating table and faithless pavement ; indistinct vision.

558. **gazetteers.**—Newspapers or journals. Derivation said to be from *gazetta*, a Venetian coin less than a farthing, paid for hearing read the first newspapers ever issued, in the war between the Venetians and the Turks, 1563.

561. Slaughter among so-called good fellows.

562. **lubber power.**—Besotting drunkenness. Lubber from the Gaelic (*leobhar*) means a clumsy fellow.

inclining.—Swaying. The passage suggests the picture of drunken old Silenus (in the Greek mythology) supported on an ass.

564. **steeped.**—Soaks, saturates. Distinguish drench and drink.

565. **Doctor.**—From the word *flock* and the word *black*, referring to his clerical garb, this must be a doctor of divinity. Parsons rode to hounds and took their part in the evening wassail equally with their parishioners. They may have risen somewhat from the low social position they held, as described by Macaulay (c. ii.), but their illiteracy and religious apathy were still extreme. (See Stevens' Hist. of Methodism, chap. i.).

566-7. **awful and deep.**—Sarcastic.

outlives.—Outdrinks.

571. **hurried wild.**—Made wild. Note the opposing ideas in **horrid joy**, *i.e.*, horrid to others.

576. **cap.**—Fitting closely to the head for riding. It was not at all uncommon for the daughters of the nobility and gentry to follow the hounds. The number of such is now small, and we may agree with T. that they could easily find something better to do.

578. **softness.**—Compare Milton, speaking of Adam and Eve, *P. L.* iv., 297-8,

“For contemplation he, and valour formed ;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.”

Also see *A.*, ll. 268-270.

579. **dissolve.**—What is meant ?

580-1. **wave, kindling.**—Explain the figures.

583. **unequal.**—Predicative after **shrink** to (them).

584-5. “And engaging man more to their protection by, etc.” Parse engaging.

the silent adulation. What is referred to and why is it so called ? What kind of flattery is adulation generally applied to ?

588. **Through.**—By means of.

fled.—Being avoided ; a use not allowable in prose.

589. ambiguous.—Sometimes the pursuer, sometimes the pursued. Some have deplored those rules of decorum which forbid the woman to show her preferences too plainly. However scornfully some may deny the imputation conveyed in ll. 587-8, yet no doubt this unwritten but not the less imperative law of modesty and fashion has consigned many a one to the supposed unloved shades of ancient spinsterhood.

590. Read again the description of Lavinia, 201-205. This indicates T.'s opposition to the tremendous hoop-petticoat, which was a revival of the Elizabethan fardingale, but differed from that monstrosity of fashion by being elastic and gathered at the waist. These hoops were wonderful structures of canvas and whalebone, and many of them would cover a space in which six men could stand comfortably. Sir Roger de Coverley says: "My grandmother appeared as if she stood in a large drum (fardingale), whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart."

592. May they know (how) to seize, etc.

594. lute.—To languish, *i.e.*, to utter tender, plaintive sounds. The lute is now obsolete, having been superseded by the harp and the guitar. The strings were of cat-gut, in number from five to twenty-four, and were stretched on a fingerboard with frets or stops, at intervals, on which to form with the left hand the various notes, which were struck or thrummed with the right. It lacked in resonance and carrying power, but was exceedingly sweet, and the beauty of the hand and arm was well set off by playing on it.

595. Notice the inversion and its effect; the meaning is, disclosing charms in every motion.

596-600. Morris discovers an anticlimax in these lines, preserving or the making of jams coming after the higher employments of botany, drawing, and music. But l. 597 merely refers to ornamental gardening, and perhaps T. means that to make the perfect woman (as a help-meet for man), to those accomplishments (ll. 590-8) which render her an attractive and social creature, must be added those solidier and more useful qualities (ll. 599-607) which every wife and mother should possess, and which are the real foundation of domestic happiness.

600-1. race.—Offspring.

second life.—Explain the thought clearly.

602. To give to society the highest models of taste and refinement, which are to be found in the well-ordered home of the cultured and virtuous woman.

603-7. Compare Rogers' beautiful lines:

"His house she enters,—there to be a light
Shining within when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing,

Winning him back when mingling in the throng,
Back from a world we love, alas! too long.
To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.

611. The idea of a dale hardly accords with that of a brook falling from steep to steep. The word *ravine* would seem better.

609. Hazels are common enough in England and in America, especially the beaked variety in the north. . . . There are large importations from the south of Europe both into Britain and America. The oil is a good dryer and consequently used by painters, and by perfumers as a base for fragrant oils. Filberts are a variety of hazelnuts.

609. **this**, *i.e.*, ll. 594-608. How does the length of the enumeration affect the force and the beauty of the picture?

611. **close array**.—In close-fitting garb. Why?

616. **burnish**.—Intrans.=shine. Cognate with *brown*.

619. **resigning**.—Show the force of the epithet.

621-4. **Melinda**.—A name taken for one of these rustic virgins at random. T. overshoots the mark here; women, however wise and good, are not generally ignorant or neglectful of those charms (621-3) with which nature has endowed them. The vulgar praise meant is that which dwells exclusively upon the beauties of feature and form, ignoring the higher and better attributes of the mind.

626-7. **error**.—In its classical meaning of "wandering." Give the force of "maze" in this connection.

revived.—Attributive to (us).

629. **beating ray** of the sun ripens the fruit so that it is much more easily blown down.

633-6. A sweetness prepared and mixed swells (fills) the gentle race (of fruits).

635. **of**=from.—T. has the four elements, fire, air, earth, and water, which were by the earlier Greek philosophers assumed to make up in various proportions the constitution of material things. It corresponds somewhat to our division into imponderable, gaseous, solid and liquid. Thales, as his first principle, took water, Anaximenes air, Heraclitus fire, etc.

637-40. **Such (are) lusty-handed**.—With vigorous hand.
innumerable.—Now obsolete, innumerable.

641-2. **spirit**.—Juice.

gelid.—Cool.

points.—Gives sharpness to.

644. **boon**.—A favour granted, comes from A. S., *ben*, a petition; *boon*, as in boon companion, comes from Lat. *bonus* (Fr. *bon*) gay, merry. The latter is the meaning in this passage.

645. **John Philips** (not Namby-Pamby Philips) was a clergyman's son, born in 1676, in Oxfordshire, a county noted for cider. He published in 1706 a poem called *Cider*, in blank verse. It was an imitation of the *Georgics*, hence P. is called here Pomona's bard, Pomona being the goddess of orchards and fruits.—*Morris*.

646. **rhyme-unfettered**.—The first example of blank verse in England was by the Earl of Surrey, executed by Henry VIII. in 1547, being a translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, books ii. and iii. The fitness of blank verse for the drama was immediately recognized, and its employment in that species of poetry was general. But in other kinds of poetry, Milton's *Paradise Lost* was the first great work in blank verse. Between Milton and Philips the rhyming metres were the fashion.

648. **Silurian**.—The Silures, a tribe of ancient Britons living west of the Severn and in the south of Wales. The story of Caractacus, and how his noble bearing won a pardon from Claudius, is familiar to all.

648. **wines**.—Must be used here for cider of different qualities.

vats.—Sometimes in older English written *fats*, e.g., *Mark xii. 1*.

650. **revels**.—Noisy jollity.

hind.—See *W. 89 n*.

653-4. **Meekened**.—Softened by the absence of the fierce rays of the sun.

lose.—It's a pleasure to be lost.

655. **Doddington**, commonly called Bub Doddington, was a prominent political member of the House of Commons, a man of distinguished ability, and to some extent a patron of letters. He left a diary, published after his death, which made a great noise in the political world.

Summer was intended to be dedicated to Lord Binning, but on his advice it was addressed to D. instead. Macaulay says that D. stood "so low in public estimation that the only service he could have rendered to any government would have been to oppose it." However, this refers to a time considerably later than that of T.'s writing. His seat in Dorsetshire was not in very good taste, certainly not plain.

661. **Far-splendid**.—One of T.'s characteristic compounds, due to his classical reading; shining from afar.

662-4. *Morris* thinks l. 662 refers to the house being built at that time, and l. 664 to the plantings each year.

667. **Virtuous Young**.—1684-1756, author of the celebrated *Night Thoughts*. He was, at this time (1770), well known as an author by his satires. The *Night Thoughts* display in passages a fine but somewhat gloomy imagination, and the most exemplary piety, which last, however, did not seriously interfere with Y.'s advancement in life; for he was a most persevering and unblushing toady, ever keeping a sharp eye to his interests where money was concerned.

667. **Twine the bay.**—Victor's laurel, or sweet bay, was sacred to Apollo, and twigs of it with berries adhering were wound about the forehead of victorious heroes and poets. Compare the phrases, "wear the laurel," "laurel crown," said metaphorically of poets and artists, etc.

669. **of.**—What is the usual preposition after *thirst*?

670-5. **Meditate.**—Trans. or supply *on*, which is the proper preposition. What is the book of nature; why ever open; what is to be learned from it?

The ideas in these lines are not original with T. Nature has formed the material of poetic inspiration in all countries. And even that poetry in which the poet is most subjective—almost wholly occupied with self, his thoughts and feelings—must be relieved here and there by touches of description and narration.

672. **warm.**—Modifying *song*.

677. Some editions leave out this line, and with reason, and read in 678 "The ruddy fragrant nectarine," etc.

Animals.—Compare *living dew* in l. 693.

678. **nectarine.**—Differs from the peach only in not being covered with down, but smooth.

679. The fig, peach and grape do not succeed well in Britain—the summer not being sufficiently warm. They require a southern exposure (673), and even then are uncertain. In America peaches and grapes are not very successful north of New York State, nor figs north of Maryland.

685. **elated.**—Now used only of persons and mental states; here in its Lat. meaning "exalted," i.e., it grows and climbs towards the sun.

692-3. While o'er the swelling skin, perfection (over-ripeness) breathes a white living dew.

The **living** refers to the supposed minute insects, as in the case of the plum (677). Fortunately it is only a supposition.

694-8. **exalted.**—To perfection.

mingling ray.—Either simply mingled rays, or, perhaps, mingling the different elements that make the flavour. See 633-6.

fond.—Desirous.

prime.—That which is first in quality.

speak.—The fact of their being in the vineyard bespeaks, etc.

699-702. **crushing swain.**—Who presses out the juice.

mashy.—The *mash* is the name given by brewers to the mixture of malt and water; here the crushed mass.

floats.—Decidedly hyperbolic.

pours round.—Distributes to.

raised.—Explain the force; compare the vulgar "elevated."

703-6. claret.—The English name (unknown in France) for wines from the Garonne district, which being usually shipped at Bordeaux go by that name.

red as the lip.—Of some fair lady. Love and wine are often associated in poetry.

burgundy.—The produce of the hilly district between Dijons and Chalons. In richness of flavour and the more delicate qualities it surpasses most wines. There are two varieties, the red and the white. *Champagnes*, from the province of that name, are also white and red. Sparkling (*gay*) champagnes are produced by a special treatment. The wine is bottled before fermentation is complete, and a large amount of carbonic acid gas is dissolved in it. Not one-third of these three wines as commonly sold is genuine.

707-17. Discuss the faithfulness of the account here given (707-10).

checked.—By what? Is roll trans. or intrans.?

division.—The use of this word for *boundary* probably led to the employment of *contending*, or *vice versa*.

baffled sense.—Explain.

up the middle sky.—Lat. *per medium cælum*. See 826 and W. 536 n.

718-27. On 721-4, see W. 45-29 n. If **whence** is an adv. of place, it refers back to **vapor**, l. 716, or **dusk**, l. 718; but it may be "on which account."

beyond the life.—Beyond the natural size.

wildered.—What is the usual form?

The apparent increase in the size of objects during fogs is well known. Why is the gloom called *dubious*?

732-5. Bard.—The passage seems to refer to the creation, Gen. i., in which case *bard* would mean Moses; but he may refer to David. See Ps. 74, 16.

uncollected.—As though light were a material substance, and dispersed throughout the universe.

738. Alpine.—Only where there is perpetual snow would any be remaining in autumn.

741-2. Supply the ellipsis.

744. "But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar."

—*Essay on Criticism*, 368

745-55. Drill.—To drop in rows, as in a seed drill, is, according to Skeat, only another form of *trickle*. *Drill*, *thrill*, to pierce, is a different word. The ideas of *dropping* and rising (by capillary attraction, we suppose) clash awkwardly.

Jaggy.—Literally having notches or teeth, refers to the irregular crystals of the salts, which are strained out as the waters rise. The whole theory of the mountain cisterns, and the way they are filled, is rather trying to one's gravity.

Irriguous.—Well-watered

courted.—Attracted.

darkling.—See *W.* 536 n.

main.—Open sea.

boils.—See *W.* l. 306.

757-72. Distinguish *amusive* and *amusing*. T.'s deductions from the above theory are a little startling. The salts strained through the sands would gradually fill the valleys as high as the hills, consequently there would be no hills! And if there were no hills, to what top could Deucalion (the Noah of the Greek mythology) retire, and how could the cisterns inundate the earth?

forsook.—Give the correct form.

777-90. What faculty of man does T. here personify?

Taurus.—In the south of Asia Minor.

Imaus.—The ancient name for the Himalayas.

Haemus.—The Balkans.

Olympus.—Where? The fabled residence of the gods.

Dofrine.—The Dovre-fjelds are hills (2,500-4,000 ft.) by contrast with the preceding.

Euxine.—The Black Sea.

Riphean rocks.—The Ural Mts., the residence, according to Aeschylus, of the three Gorgons.

793. **girdle.**—What is the construction?

797. Bid Atlas, propping heaven, being, etc., spread. Atlas, one of the Titans who fought against Jove, and condemned by him to support the world, is said to have been turned into a mountain of the same name by Perseus showing to him the head of Medusa, one of the Gorgons mentioned above. The fables in regard to him are rather mixed.

800. **miny.**—Not full of mines, but underground.

blazing.—From the precious metals or stones in them.

cloud-compelling.—Explain.

802. The word *bending* is well applied to the Mts. of the Moon, if reference is had to their location by geographers. They were put as running from e. to w., and varying in latitude from 10 s. to 10 n. Beke's theory was that they ran from n. to s. parallel to the Zanzibar coast, but Speke, in 1858, thought the mountains which he discovered lying in a *crescent* shape around the n. of L. Tanganyika were Ptolemy's Mts. of the Moon; but they are not sufficiently high to be snow-clad in that latitude.

804. **dire.**—Perhaps from the many volcanic peaks and the frequency of earthquakes.

Line.—The sailor's word for the equator.

deeps.—Valleys.

807-12. **disclose**—Intrans.

bibulous.—Adj., parse and explain the force.

815. Give the various meanings of the word *mould*. *More retentive*—Than what? What transmits the moisture, and why does it retard it?

820. **siphons.**—Here merely pipes; what is the technical meaning?

827. **bosomed**, i.e., with bosoms.

828-35. **effusion.**—One of T.'s padded phrases. Flowing and effusion are too nearly alike in meaning. Profusion would be better.

What three things hold social commerce? Write in logical order ll. 828-35, and justify the various epithets.

837-40. **swallow-people.**—So *W.* 811, furry-nations.

feathered eddy.—What is meant, and why so called?

841-3. The fact that some of the species (as the sand martin) burrow deeply in cliff sides, river banks, etc., to make their nests, led many to think they remained torpid during winter, but they all migrate.

sweats.—Explain.

849. It divides into several streams.

850. **Belgian plains.**—Holland, as Belgium was not then a separate kingdom. It was united to Holland by the Congress of Vienna, 1815, but owing to religious and political differences, which arose from the Belgians not being sufficiently represented in the government, they separated from Holland, 1830. The ancient Belgæ had their home in this region.

851. **won from the raging sea.**—Explain what is meant. Compare Goldsmith's description. *Traveller*, 281-96.

852. The heroic struggles of the Netherlands against Spain and France are too well known to need mention here.

853. **Stork-assembly.**—See 838. Storks are common in Holland, loving marshy and low ground. They are protected by law in some countries because they act the part of scavengers, eating reptiles, offal and garbage. Before migrating to their summer haunts, they meet together, making a great clatter with their large mandibles (consultation). Their nesting on the top of one's house was considered a good omen. They go to the n. of Africa, and there seems considerable regularity and design in their arrangements for the journey. Notice the change of number from *meets* to *they take*, and defend it if you can.

855. **liquid.**—Clear, in its Latin sense, *e.g.*, "liquidus æther."

860. **figured, i.e.**, in the form of certain figures.
864. With the ancients the Island of Thule was the most northern part of the world (*ultima Thule*). Some say they meant Iceland, others Norway, others, again, one of the Faroes.
- 866-7. **transmigrations, nations**.—Of what?
874. **reign**.—Realm, in apposition with swell.
875. **dire-clinging**.—In a manner dreadful to witness.
ovarious.—Of eggs—a word rarely used.
sweeps.—With nets.
rising full.—Heaped up.
- 880-5. **in romantic view**.—In fancy's view, or, presenting a romantic prospect.
airy.—From the breezes off the sea.
diffusive sky.—Widely spread atmosphere.
breathing the soul acute.—Inspiring a keen, vigorous intellect.
incult.—Uncultivated or in a state of nature; an obsolete word.
- 890-1. **Doric reed**.—See 3 n.
Jed.—A tributary of the Teviot, which is itself a tributary of the Tweed. See Life.
893. **Orca's**.—The ancient name for the Orkneys.
Berubium's.—Duncansby Head, or St. Andrew's Cape.
- 895.—**soon (i.e. early) visited by learning**.—Probably referring to the landing of St. Columba and his twelve disciples in Iona in 563 A.D., and the founding of a monastery.
before the Gothic rage, i.e. fleeing from it. See note on W., 836 *et seq.*
901. **too much in vain**.—This awkward phrase means, perhaps, "too vainly." If a comma were put after *too*, and the dash erased after 902, the next sentence would follow more logically.
- 903-7. **unequal bounds** may refer to the religious persecutions. Many Scotchmen took service with France during Scotland's long connexion with that kingdom, and Scotch mercenaries assisted the Netherlanders against Spain. See Schiller's *Siege of Antwerp*.
The enterprise and capacity for leadership which the Scotch have shown in a superior degree to the English or Irish is attributed by Macaulay to the establishment of parish schools in 1696. See *Mac. Hist.*, chap. xxii.
- 909-15. **Boreal Morn**.—See W. l. 859 n.
double harvests.—Bountiful or increased.
918. **hyperborean**.—Extreme north. The Hyperboreans were a people who lived beyond the wind *Boreas*, which term was applied by the Greeks to that which blew from the N.N.E. Both words are synonyms for north.

919.—**lucid lawn**.—See l. 86 n. White and very thin.

921.3.—**Batavian**.—See W. 768 n. The coast fisheries (Br.) were largely in the hands of the Dutch at this time.

Heave.—Fill or swell.

frith, or **firth**.—(See fjord) is properly the mouth of a river opening into the sea. A Scottish word.

928. The disputes with Spain were principally in relation to the commerce with the New World. British merchantmen were harassed by Spanish privateers and pirates, and a generally hostile policy, which was returned in kind. Much to the delight of the patriot party (to which T. belonged), and to the chagrin of Walpole, war was declared in 1739.

929. **Argyle**.—Second Duke and eleventh Earl, born 1678, distinguished himself under Marlborough at Ramillies, Oudenarde, Lille, Ghent and Malplaquet, to which last the text refers, Taisnière being the name of a forest near that little village, where Marshal Villars was so signally defeated by Marlborough and Eugene. On Marlborough's disgrace, Argyle became as keen a Tory as he had been a Whig. Not being sufficiently rewarded for his *ratting*, he became a Whig again, and in the troubles of 1715 his services were such as to secure him an English peerage. He seems to have been a firm believer in the principle of expediency rather than the expediency of principle, but lax and selfish as he was in public life, in private life he was kind and courteous. His politic course during the Porteous Riots made him immensely popular, and this, added to his benevolence among the common people, procured for him the title of "The Good Duke."

937. **very throat of war**.—So the common quotations from Sh. :

"Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth,"

and Tennyson,

"Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred."

939. It was a Roman custom to give to a victorious gladiator a branch of a palm-tree.

944. Duncan Forbes, 1685-1747, of Culloden. He was a connection of the first Duke of Argyle, by whose influence he became sheriff of Midlothian. In '15 he was active on the side of the Government. His moderation and leniency to the Jacobites roused some suspicion of his loyalty, but he was too important a man to be ignored, and he was made Lord Advocate in 1725 and Lord President in 1737. He was an intimate friend of Thomson in his early days, a convivial soul and cultivated acquaintance with the chief literary men of his day.

746. **in silence great** may refer to the fact that he was no speaker.

948. The word **informed**, endowed with life, is very aptly used here.

950. Compare Bryant's description in *Autumn Woods*.

952. **imbrown**.—Verb, having shade for its subj. ; also written *embrown*. Notice the inharmonious succession of the same sound in *round* and *imbrown*.

umbrage.—Properly means the shade cast by the leafage, but is put here for the leafage itself. In what sense is the word commonly used now ?

954. **sooty dark**.—This phrase is so uncommon as to surprise us.

These, *i.e.*, the leaves, subj. of *lead*.

955-6. **low-whispering**.—Notice the transferred epithet. In what lies its appropriateness here ?

view.—Phase.

957-63. **fleeces**.—Covers with fleecy clouds.

ether.—In Lat. and Gr. the pure upper air.

dewy-skirted.—Compare Shelley with the above passage :

"I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams, . . .
From my *wings* are shaken the dews that 'waken
The sweet birds everyone."

softened force.—Compare 1095.

lucid.—Full of light.

965-7. **Degenerate**.—Gr. *Elegy* 73 ; scene of *little things*.

low-thoughted, *i.e.*, which has low thoughts.

970. **pensive**.—Meditative. "The mind must not be impelled to solitude by melancholy and discontent, but by a real distaste to the idle pleasures of the world, a rational contempt for the deceitful joys of life, and a just apprehension of being corrupted by its insinuating and destructive gaieties."—*Zimmerman on Solitude*.

971-5. **Russet**.—353 n.

dying strain.—On the point of ceasing, or feeble.

widowed.—Without a mate.

976. **thrushes, linnets, larks**.—Perhaps the song thrush, throstle or mavis is meant, which sings finely from early spring to autumn. It frequents copses, is a snail and worm eater, and its flesh is very good. There are many varieties in America, but they are found principally in the Southern and Middle States.

The linnets belong to the finch family, and have many representatives in Northern Europe and America. Their song is mellow and varied and they make good cage birds.

The sky-lark or meadow-lark, so celebrated in British poetry and song is not found in America, the sky-lark or shore-lark with us being of a different genus. Its song is even sweeter than that of the Old Country lark, but not nearly so varied or continuous.

978-80. Note the alliteration.

981-2. As their sweetest notes are for the spring and the mating season, so is their most brilliant plumage.

983-6. Let not the gun aimed destroy the music, and lay the harmless unsuspecting tribes a prey, fluttering, etc.

aimed from.—What is the usual preposition?

986. **tribes.**—Not a good word as applied to the birds.
mingled.—Indiscriminate.

988. **pale descending.**—Pale refers to the blanching, and descending to the fall of the leaves.

992. **sob** seems a very strong word here. What is the usual one?

997. In connection with this and the preceding lines read first two stanzas of Bryant's *Death of the Flowers*.

1003. **prospect.**—In apposition with woods, etc.

1004. There are different kinds of melancholy, caused by grief, indigestion, etc., but this is simply the result of the surroundings. Notice the gradation of feelings, and how one merges into another. Discuss the appropriateness of the sequence which the poet has here given to them, *e.g.*, devotion, rapture, astonishment, ambition (for good), sympathy, scorn, resolution.

1010. **his sacred influence.**—T. makes melancholy masc.; Milton, fem. Which do you think is better? Justify Thomson's use. See *Il Penseroso*, 11, 12:

"But hail thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy!"

1014-5. **ten thousand thousand.**—A very effective way of saying innumerable.

vulgar.—Common or humdrum.

There is a slight incongruity in saying that *ideas* crowd into the eye.

1017. **As fast**, etc., *i.e.*, equally fast, etc.

1020-2. **unconfined**, *i.e.*, in its whole extent, of which that (love) of the human race is *chief*.

1030-1. Compare Cowper (Timepiece):

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness
Some boundless contiguity of shade."

visionary prophetic.—Which forecast the future.

Give the full force of the words weeping, enthusiastic; paraphrase 1030-6,

1042. **Stowe**.—Near Buckingham, then the property of Viscount Cobham. Cotton says of it:

“It puzzles much the sage’s brains
Where Eden stood of yore,
Some place it in Arabia’s plains,
Some say it is no more;
But Cobham can these tales confute,
As all the curious know,
For he has proved beyond dispute
That Paradise is Stowe,”

and Pope, *Moral Essay*, iv., 70, says (quoted by Morris):

“Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stowe.”

1043. **Ionia**.—A beautiful and fertile district on the west coast of Asia Minor. It was settled by Greeks, but fell under the dominion of Persia about 500 years later. (Cyrus the Great.)

1046. **Pitt**.—This was Pitt the elder, commonly known as Lord Chatham, to distinguish him from his son, William Pitt. This passage appeared first in the 1744 edition of the *Seasons*. Two years later Pitt was in the Ministry.

1050. There was a temple of British worthies in Stowe Park which contained busts of eminent British statesmen, heroes, and authors.—*Morris*.

1056-7. **Attic land**.—See W., l. 446, *et seq.*
standard.—The best of its kind.

1058. What objection to the phrase “purest truth?”

1062. T. had already published *Sophonisba*. See *Life*.

1069. It will be a good exercise here to contrast the private and public characters of Pitt and Walpole.

1070. **Elysium**.—That part of Hades, according to the later classical mythology, to which the souls of the departed good were consigned. *Æneid*, vi., 342 and 637-43. The word now conveys the idea of extreme happiness.

1072. **Cobham**.—Sir Richard Temple, the proprietor of Stowe, served in the wars under Marlborough, became a lieutenant-general, and was, in 1714, created a peer under the title of Lord Cobham. His opposition to the prime minister, Walpole, caused him to be deprived of his military rank, to which circumstance the poet here alludes. Lord C. was, however, afterwards restored to his offices. He died in 1749.

squadrons, host.—What different meanings have these words? Give the derivation.

1077. France (anciently Gallia or Gaul) had gained, during the reign of Louis XIV., the most prominent position in arms, in letters, and in that polished courtliness which was thought essential to successful diplomacy. The wars with France for the balance of power were still fresh in the minds

of all, and just now hostilities were again impending. By the lower classes in England the French were despised as slaves, as frog-eaters, and as wearers of wooden shoes. There are still some lingering remnants of this contempt.

1083. **humid evening**.—Virgil's *humida nox*, *Æn.*, ii., 8. The old mythology represented the sun and night as traversing the firmament in chariots.

1087. The fogs **cluster** and glide (*swim*). Notice in connection with fogs and rain the difference between England and Canada.

1092. **where**.—In the disc.

umbrageous.—Not from being wooded, but from being deep.

1093. **optic tube**.—What is meant?

1094-5. Reflects the light void of heat.

earth.—In apposition with *disc*.

1096. **stoop**.—Milton, *Il Pens.*, 72. :

“And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.”

1097. **cerulean**.—Usually an adjective.

sublime.—In its original sense of aloft, on high.

1098. **deluge**.—An uncommon use of the word, though we often speak of a flood of light.

1099. **skied**.—Surrounded by or enveloped in the sky. Sky originally meant a cloud. Compare Gr. *skia*, a shadow.

1102. What is the real meaning of **half-blotted**?

1107. This line seems hardly necessary after 1106.

appears.—Is visible.

1109. **a blaze of meteors**.—The term “meteors” is especially applied to fire-balls, and the masses of stone or other substances which sometimes fall from them to the earth, and to shooting stars. Showers of the latter occur periodically in the months of August and November. Meteors, however, in the wider sense of the term, include any phenomena in the atmosphere, and are sometimes classed as aerial, aqueous, luminous, and igneous, the last named including auroras and lightning. The description in ll. 1109-1114 and 1117-21 makes it evident that the poet is speaking of an auroral display.

1112. **thwart, extinguish**.—Both intrans.

1115. From face to face.—Why is the poet's phrase more expressive?

1117. **meet**.—Full.

1119-20. **lines**.—Nom. abs.

sanguine flood.—Explain.

1124. **incontinent.**—Irrepressible; according to Morris “immediately.”

1122-30. “Under the influence of fear men conjure up resemblances between the meteors and various terrible or ominous objects. Such appearances in the heavens have, in all ages, greatly disturbed men. Compare 2 *Maccabees*, v., 1, and also Tacitus *Hist.*, ii., xiii., of the portents before the siege of Jerusalem.”—*Morris*.

1125. Compare 1201-7.

1128. **sallow.**—Explain the force of the epithet.

1130. **subversed.**—Subverted is the usual form.

1134. **inspect.**—Power of inspection, rarely, if ever, now used as a noun.

1141. Insert *is* or *being* after “beauty,” “distinction,” “variety.”

1147. **Chimeras.**—The chimera was a monster, described by Homer as having the head of a lion, the body of a goat and the tail of a serpent, and vomiting fire. Hence the word came to mean, as here, a wild baseless fancy, also a visionary hare-brained project.

1148. **directive.**—Distinguish in force from *directing*.

1152. **wild fire.**—*Ignis fatuus*. Will o’ the wisp, etc., has never been produced artificially, occurs in low marshy places and churchyards, is supposed to be due to the gas generated from decaying animal and vegetable matter, perhaps phosphuretted (P.H.₃), or carburetted hydrogen (Cr. H.₂); is generally seen about two feet above the ground. It is said that a match has been lighted at its flame!

1155. **absorpt.**—See W., 827.

1157-8. Compare W., 311-13-14. Why is the latter picture so much more effective?

T. is no doubt true to nature in ll. 1147-59, but he oversteps it in the remaining lines 1160-4.

1162. **meteor.**—See n. on 1109.

1170. **spray.**—Another form of *sprig*. Compare “Gentle music melts on every spray.”—*Traveller*, 322.

1172. **murdered.**—Here and in 987 applied to lower animals.

1173. **still-heaving.**—With life. See 1198-1200.

1175. **fixed o’er sulphur.**—This unfortunate phrase spoils what is otherwise a fair poetical account of the old method of extracting the honey by means of the fumes of sulphur. In the modern beehives this is unnecessary.

1178. **temperance.**—Regulated distribution.

1183-4. **convolved**.—Rolled or twisted together. Compare

"Then Satan first knew pain,
And withed him to and fro convolved."

—Milton.

agonizing.—Writhing with pain—the original sense.

spring.—The fields in spring; or adv. of time.

toil away.—Trans.

1191-2. **obliged**.—Laid under an obligation.

ambrosia was the food of the gods, as nectar was their drink.

1295-6. Explain the force of **pinches, with their own**. The force of **smiling** is not clear. Morris suggests "propitious or festive." It may refer to the rule given that "bees should be fed only when the weather is fine and warm, to prevent the temperature of the hive from being injured.

1197. **stony**.—From the appearance of the hardened wax on the floor of the hive.

1204. **Palermo**.—The capital of Sicily, the scene of many contests in the Punic wars. In modern times perhaps its most notable event is the Sicilian Vespers, 1283. Though earthquakes have been common enough there, yet none is recorded to have occurred about T.'s time.

1206. **sheer**.—Completely, so as to leave no part; of different origin from *sheer*, the nautical term.

the day.—The sun. What figure?

1211-12. Save what brushes the filmy threads of evaporated dew from the plain. These lines probably refer to gossamer, a light filament, often found in late autumn spread over the ground, or stretching from leaf to leaf, the meshes laden with entangled dewdrops, which glisten and sparkle in the sunshine. It is also found floating in the air, but this, perhaps, is not produced by the same variety of spiders. A viscid fluid is shot from their spinnerets with great force, and this soon hardens into threads. These are caught by the slightest breeze, and carry the spider with them; the spider likely exercising some volition in the aerial flight.

The derivation commonly given is God-summer (in German Marienfäden), from the legend that gossamer is formed from the Virgin Mary's winding sheet, which fell away in fragments when she was taken up to heaven. See, however, Skeat, who derives it from goose-summer.

1214-15. **peculiar**.—Different from that of spring or summer.

swelled.—Explain why it appears thus.

1220-3. **instant**.—Threatening, the classical sense of the word.

Parse **shook**, and point out anything peculiar in the syntax of 1221-3.

toil-strung.—Made strong by toil.

1226-9. **abroad**.—Not closed in, or unfolded.

the village-toast.—Bring out the meaning by a paraphrase.

points.—directs.

1230. **cudgel**.—Referring to the old and rough game of *singlestick*, in which he who first drew blood from his adversary's head was the victor.

1232. **The harvest home**.—Common after harvest in most European countries.

"The Roman *Saturnalia*, which were held in December, at the end of the agricultural labours of the year, were probably of this nature."—*Morris*.

1236. **T**. again eulogizes the life rural and retired in an almost literal translation of Virgil, *Georgic II.*, 458, *et seq.*

1239-41. The word **vomits**, if taken in the ordinary sense, gives an idea of nastiness, in strict accordance with the character of place hunters and sycophants. The words **sneaking** and **abused in turn** refer to their generally disappointed and injured appearance.

1244. **mazy**.—With the intricately embroidered patterns. Some editions have *massy*.

oppress.—Explain the force.

1246. **purveyed**.—Conveyed or brought. The proper meaning of purvey is "to buy in provisions," "to provide."

1247. **tributary life**.—The lower animals which, for clothing or food, contribute to the sybarite's pleasures. Supply *not after heaps*.

1249. Note the fine contrast in "heaps with luxury and death."

sure.—Probably in the original sense of secure (of which it is a doublet (free from care).

1251. **gay care**.—**T**. is fond of phrases like this (known as the figure *oxymoron*), the words of which have opposing meanings; compare *still breeze*, 1211; care which is the result of dissipation.

tosses out the night.—Explain the meaning of this, and of the following line by a paraphrase.

1257. **estranged to**.—A very awkward phrase meaning free from. Estranged takes *from* not *to* after it.

1267. The word **chide** has been applied in a *good* sense to the constant and pleasant sound of water in summer time. Contrast Shakespeare's use of it in, "As doth a rock against the chiding flood." Compare *brawling*. Notice the transferred epithets in 1266-7.

1268. **sincere**.—Pure, dreamless.

1270. **at large**.—Compare 517, "on violets *diffused*."

1274. **sound unbroken**.—*Unbroken* is used in the sense of "continued."

1277. **poetic ease**.—This seems a harsh antithesis to "unambitious toil." In what way can these two epithets be justified as said of qualities resident in the same person?

1282. **unpierced.**—Unmoved.

1284-5. Emigration has been caused (from the British Islands at least) as much by poverty and oppressive laws as by love of gain, and this among a people confessedly the most enterprising in Europe.

1287-94. Notice the use of the demonstratives, let this, let that, let these, let those. Compare W., ll. 375-85.

1289. **the social sense extinct**, *i.e.*, the feeling that he owes certain duties to society being extinguished in his breast.

1290. **Into mad tumult.**

1291. **melt.**—Is this an appropriate metaphor?

1292. **toils.**—Snares. A word of different origin from *toils*, labours.

1294. **those**, *i.e.*, And let those delight in, etc.

1296. **cabals.**—Taken immediately from the Fr. *cabale*, a club, remotely from Hebr. *gabbalah*, a mysterious doctrine. The word is found earlier, but first came into common use in 1671, when by a mere coincidence it was found that it could be formed from the initials of the names of Chas. the Second's cabinet. "These ministers soon made that appellation so infamous that it has never since their time been used, except as a term of reproach."—*Macaulay*.

1297. **To wreathe a bow** is T.'s hyperbolic way of expressing the crafty and calculating politeness of the politicians of his day. One edition has "brow" instead of "bow."

1300. Notice the *nice* use of "but." Morris prints the passage thus, "hears (and but hears at distance safe) the human tempest roar."

1301. Compare Gray's "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

1311. **gems.**—(Latin *gemma*) and *buds* are precisely the same; the word *gem* or *gemma* is used only in botanical language.

1314-15. For him the flowers unfold their beauties, for him the opening blossoms breathe out their fragrance.

1317-18. The vale of Tempe, in Thessaly, about five miles long, lies between Mt. Olympus on the n. and Mt. Ossa on the s., the Peneus flowing through it. It has been much celebrated by the poets for its beauty, and in the matter of valleys is a principal article of their stock in trade, and the word Tempe has almost become a common noun.

Hæmus (l. 785) was covered with forests.

1320-1. **an eye shot round.**—An awkward absolute phrase, "glancing quickly round."

1325. **tepid.**—Lukewarm; scarcely ever said of anything but liquids.

1331. **frost.**—During which the skies are free from clouds, and the stars look brightly down upon the eye that is raised to contemplate the beauty of the heavens.

1333-4. **secure, mark.**—Should properly be singular, as the subject is a friend (or) a book. Would *seures* sound equally well?

1337-9. **elates.**—Exalts.

touch.—Claims.

1341-2. See the *Elegy*, 13. *Georgic II.*, 523.

1347. Are still (nevertheless) of the social, etc.

1348. **fret.**—Are the prey of remorse.

1350. **uncorrupt** or **incorrupt**: also un- or in-corrupted.

1356. **blue.**—Morris reads *void*. What difference will it make in the parsing of *immense*?

1358-64. **disclosing.**—Which is disclosed: The construction is loose. "Strata" and "world" seem to depend on "through."

thrust thence, *i.e.*, the vegetable world pushed up from the strata. After "o'er that" supply "is placed"; *where*=the place in which.

1365. **ravished.**—Delighted even to rapture.

open.—Intrans.

search.—It is a search which, etc.

1367. But if I am unequal to that task.

1371-3. Compare Dryden's translation of the same lines of Virgil (*Ecl.*, viii., 11):

"Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine;
Thine was my earliest Muse; my latest shall be thine."

WINTER.

1. **Varied**, *i.e.*, by the seasons.
2. **sad**.—A Vergilian epithet=*tristis hiems*.
rising.—Coming up from the horizon.
kindred.—Congenial. These two words, nearly synonymous, illustrate the two main sources of our vocabulary.
6. Par. Lost, I. 250.
frequent.—Similarly Chaucer's "hote foote."
- 7-16. Refers to his life at the Southdean Manse.
8. **careless**.—Free from care.
10. **Pleased have I**.—Why the repetition?
12. **big**.—Pregnant, teeming.
13. Note Thomson's fondness for such compounds as *deep-fermenting*, *virgin-snows*.
15. **lucid**.—Bright. See Job ix., 9. Note the beauty of the image.
17. **first**, *i.e.*, of the *Seasons*, published (1726), and then scarcely half its present length, and without this fulsome dedication.
18. **Wilmington**.—Sir Spencer Compton, Speaker of the H. of C. (1714-47), was made a peer (1727), and finally became Premier; was of very moderate ability and quite undeserving of such praise as this of Thomson's.
renews.—*Winter* being republished with the other *Seasons*, 1730.
19. **since**.—Adv. here.
- 20-26. What figures? Discuss their appropriateness.
22. **shadowy**.—That makes shadows.
24. **doubling**.—Increasing, or turning back on itself.
27. **numbers**.—Notes; what case?
32. **sound integrity**.—A good example of one of Thomson's faults.
34. **sliding**.—Corrupt. The evil effects of the Restoration on literature, politics and the church still continued. In this connection note the names and influence of Pitt, Cowper, Wesley.
burning.—John v. 35, attributive to *spirit*.
36. **free**, but obedient to law, *i.e.*, British freedom.
37. **these** (qualities) **light**.—Lead the way for.
39. **converting** (turning), attributive to *these*.
41. **Capricorn**.—The sun passes from Sagittarius, the 9th sign of the Zodiac, here called the Centaur-Archer, to Capricorn, the 10th sign about 21st Dec., and of course a month after enters Aquarius. The Centaurs of

the old Greek mythology were monsters, half man and half horse, armed with bow and arrow. When the Spanish cavalry invaded Mexico the Mexicans thought the man and the horse were one creature.

43. inverted.—The three preceding seasons give the idea of advancement or progress; here, however, there is retrogression. Thomson copies the idea from Horace, and Cowper (Task iv., 120) from Thomson.

stains.—Discolors with excessive rain.

45. ether, or æther, means here the air or the firmament, and not that medium which, for the production of the phenomena of heat, light, etc., theory supposes to fill all space.

49. broad.—Caused by refraction.—The preceding picture seems very accurate.

54. cincture.—Robe, dress.

59. gloom.—In apposition with *winter*.

61-2. loathing life.—Statistics show that suicides are not more common at this season than at any other; but melancholia is more prevalent in the north of Europe than in the South, due partly to climate and partly to race.

65. This line seems to disagree with ll. 63 and 84.

moorish.—Marshy.

67-71. What three personifications here; which is the weakest?

presageful.—Foreboding.

73-4. obscure.—Dark.

skies.—Used here in its original meaning of *clouds*.

77-9. brown.—From the soil washed down.

combine.—Close in as night comes on.

83. This line seems out of harmony with the rest of the description.

85. low.—Subst. The sound made by cattle.

86. ruminates.—Chew the cud, as the cow, sheep, camel. This class of animals has the power of returning the food from the stomach to the mouth for more thorough mastication. The stomach is divided into four distinct cavities, into each of which the food may be sent directly from the oesophagus.

89-90. L. Allegro, 49.

hind.—A peasant or servant, but used in some parts as a name for a farm foreman.

92. recks.—Trans., but often followed by *of*, e.g., "recks not of a wound."

94-105. This description of the effects of the storm has been much admired for its faithfulness and correspondence of sound to sense.

109-10. **pleasing dread**.—What figure? 114 makes us think of Æolus and his bag.

120. **streaks**.—Sun's rays struggling through the clouds.

122. **poise**.—Balancing.

124-5. **blank**.—Pale, white.

circle, or halo about the sun or moon portends a storm.

126-141. Almost transl. from the 1st Georgic 365-390.

obtuse.—Dulled.

128. Falling stars are more common in Autumn, especially in November.

130-1. See note to 83.

eddies.—In nautical language "cat's paws."

135. In the Latin, "carding their tasks" (*pensa*), hence, remotely, pensive.

139. **downs**.—Any sandy uplands covered with grass, originally sand-hills by the sea.

141. **thick-urge**.—Not a good compound, as *thick* refers to the numbers.

143. **waiting**.—Compare Gray's "moping," *Elegy*, 10. Shakespeare is more faithful when he speaks of it as "clamoring," *Macb.* II. 3.63.

146. The *hern* (more commonly *heron*) and *cormorant* (lit. sea crow, *L. corvus marinus*) generally keep close to land.

148. **unequal**.—Adv.

150. **eat**.—For eaten.

151. **forest-rustling**.—Is this compound properly formed for the meaning intended?

157. Hyperbole; in the greatest storms the sea is tranquil at 200 or 300 feet deep, and the highest waves, from trough to crest probably never exceed 40 feet.

167-8. A vivid picture; see *Ps.* 104, 3.

169. **Baltic**.—Storms are frequent and navigation dangerous from its shallowness (15 to 20 fathoms), narrowness and irregular coastline.

176. Mountains attract the clouds, consequently thunder is more frequent.
sons.—Trees.

178-80. These lines relieve the monotony of the natural descriptions.

182. **tarnished-honours**.—Withered foliage. A Latinism.

184. **limbs**.—Nom. absol. Compare

As falls on Mount Alvernus

A thunder-smitten oak.

Far o'er the crashing forest

Its giant limbs lie spread.—Macaulay, *Horatius*.

185. Is **dissipated** a good word here, and why?

188. **them**.—What is the antecedent?

191. **burthened**.—Better than *burdened* for a grave subject.

193. **demon**.—See l. 67. Among the ancients the extraordinary conditions or actions of men not capable of being referred to the natural or apparent laws of the mind or body were attributed to the influence of one or more attendant spirits (*genii* or *dæmons*). Plato gives one to each mortal, accompanying him through life and finally bearing his soul to Hades ; others give two. The Jews during the Captivity copied some of the Persian demonology. At the advent of Christ, the popular meaning of demon with them was evil spirit, and the early Christian writers intensified it.

194. **devoted**.—Doomed.

199-201. Ps. 104, 3. **at once**.—Is the redundancy a weakness ?

206. **compeer**.—Companion.

207-8. **intrusive, meddling**.—In the Lockian philosophy all ideas are due to Sensation or Reflection. The first is the perception of the external objects through the five senses which act independently of the will. The mind is more free to reflect during the night, not being so subject to the annoyance of the external world through these avenues of approach.

217-222. A beautiful prayer, few more so in the language. Compare P. L. I., 17-26.

223-4. **dun**.—Adv.

livid, piercing.—Are these epithets well used ? Why ?

227. **heavy and fleecy** are somewhat incongruous terms.

229-231. Cowper, Task IV. 326. Cowper is generally more minute in descriptions.

232. **cherished**.—Tended.

236. **hoar**.—As an aged man.

240. **labourer-ox**.—Is this better than *labouring-ox*, or (as Milton) *laboured-ox* ?

241. **demands**.—Wilson says, "this notion is a fantastic one. Call it doubtful, for Jemmy was never wholly in the wrong."

244. **winnowing**.—Being winnowed. This use of the pres. part., although still good English, is dying out.

246. The name robin is applied in America to a kind of thrush (*turdus migratorius*), a larger bird than the European robin, but resembling it in its colour, general appearance, and familiar habits. In Germany the robin is called Thomas, in Norway, Peter. The line simply means "sacred to the family," as the term "household gods" is a classical allusion to certain minor tutelary duties of the Romans, whose statues were placed about the house and worshipped regularly every day, at meal time, on rising, retiring, etc.

253. **askance**.—Sideways, obliquely from the corner of the eye ; akin to *aslant*.

257. **brown**.—Wilson says, "a touch like one of Cowper's. That one word proves the poet."

258. **timorous**.—The hare matched with its own kind or even another of equal size shows considerable courage.

263. **dumb despair**.—The poet seems a little illogical ; the next line says they dig. Besides, do the lower animals ever give way to despair ?

267. **at will**.—Does this limit *fill* or *food* ?

271. *o'er* . . whelms.—Is this a case of *tnesis* ?

277. **drives**.—Intr.

278. **loose revolving**.—Explain what is meant.

279. **disaster'd**.—Seldom used as a verb ; here either attributive in its old astrological sense "illstarred," or better, predicative in the sense of "overwhelmed with calamity."

279-80. **other hills of unknown brow**.—Explain.

280. **shag**.—Roughen, deform.

trackless.—Prolepsis.

285. **flouncing**.—This word, which generally has far different associations, seems very expressive here. What is the usual word ?

286. What figure ? Is **stung** an appropriate word ?

292. **middle waste**.—A Latinism for "midst of the waste."

300. **faithless**.—Explain 301-2. "What is land, what is water, being unknown ?"

305. **fearful**.—Distinguish the two meanings of this word.

307. 1 Sam. 15, 32.

310. Nom. Abs.

311. **officious**.—Duteous. What is the ordinary meaning ?

316-17. What is the effect of the repetition of the conj. ? Give other examples.

320. Distinguish *corse*, *corpse*, *carcass*.

329. Is **in** correct ?

333. Notice the two meanings of **common**.

335. **baleful**.—In a passive sense, "caused by calamity."

337. **sordid**.—Has its root meaning "filthy." What is the ordinary meaning ?

340. **whence**.—By which.

tumbled.—A factitive verb, passive.

343-5. Thomson's **vale**, where most happiness is found, is evidently the middle condition of life; see 333-8. What passions are honest? How does the idea of *racking* agree with *peace* and *contemplation*?

348. **point**.—Give point to.~ So Johnson of Ch. XII. *Van. of Hum. Wishes*.

"He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

fond.—Foolish, its root meaning.

thought.—Supply "if."

349. So Hamlet. "The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to."

350-1. "That render life one struggle, one scene."

351. **one scene of fate**.—Fate or destiny was the only monotheistic conception of the Greeks and Romans. In some writers it takes the form of fatalism, in others of the superintendence of a guiding will, in others of chance (Epicureans). In Mohammedanism it presents itself as an inexorable and arbitrary law, allowing little scope for the development of human nature. In Christianity it appears under the forms of Predestination and of the Law of Necessity. The first gives a dominating influence to the Divine Will and approaches Fatalism, its opponents say, by leaving no power of free action to the individual. The latter regards everything in nature as subject to law, and approaches Fatalism by supposing this law immutable and self-existent. Thomson's training as a Calvinist perhaps led him to take a pessimistic view of fate, as in this line.

353. **Impulse**.—Towards *good* or *evil*, or both.

355. **wide**.—Prolepsis.

356-8. **social**.—Of sympathy with one's fellow-creatures. If *work* be taken as transitive, then *bliss* is its subject; if not, *bliss* is object of *into*.

359. **generous band**.—The jail committee of 1729, appointed to enquire into the condition of prisons, especially of the Fleet. The revelations made were something awful and furnished material for some of Hogarth's best pictures. Dirt, vice of the most revolting kind, starvation and torture were common. Such was their state from a sanitary point of view that the foulest diseases were bred in them. Twenty years later the lord mayor, two aldermen, two judges, most of the jury and many spectators caught the jail fever at an assize of the Old Bailey and most of them died. The jails, too, were crowded on account of imprisonment for debt, which now may hardly be said to exist. The terrible abuses of the prison discipline of those times, truly needed the exertions of men like Oglethorpe (the founder of Georgia) and Howard, the philanthropist.

360. **redressive**.—Relief-giving.

364. **lash of vice**.—*i.e.*, which vice should feel.

367. **tyrants.**—The jailers.

369. **weed.**—Weeds usually. Not used now for clothing in general but as mourning clothes for a widow.

372. **lust.**—Desire.

The whole picture (360-75) is certainly not overdrawn.

383. What image?

384. **toils.**—Snares.

385. **cumbrous.**—These lines are a fit enough conclusion to the preceding pictures, and no doubt correctly represent the popular idea. The codification and simplification of law have no doubt made justice cheaper, but the percentage of litigation has not diminished. Some aver the contrary, and that the intervention of lawyers is as necessary as ever.

390. **horrid.**—In its root meaning of "rough," "bristling."

shining.—With snow.

Alps.—From *albus* white.

391. **wavy.**—Refers either to their varying heights or to their curving course through Italy.

392. **branch.**—Transitive.

394. **burning.**—Thirsting.

gaunt.—How pronounced?

396. **bear** (intr.) **along keenly.**

406. The nobility and generosity have no foundation in reality. In fact Cumming's account of him gives him no superiority, except in strength, over the other Felidae.

407. **hapless.**—Unfortunate.

undistinguished.—Not favoured at all on account of the beauty.

408. The following is the substance of Wilson's criticism on this passage, 389-413: "The first fifteen lines are equal to anything in the whole range of descriptive poetry, but the last ten are positively bad. Wild beasts do not like the look of the human eye—they think us ugly customers. But that the godlike face of man should terrify an army of wolves is ludicrous, and still more so the trash about beauty force divine! 'Tis all stuff, too, about the generous lion. True he has been known to walk past a pretty Caffre girl without eating her, but the secret lay in his stomach; he had dined an hour or two before on a Hottentot Venus. Again famished wolves howling up a dead body is a dreadful image; but the expression *inhuman to relate* is not heavily laden with meaning. In the last line why are the shades foul and only the ghosts frightened? Wherein lies the specific difference between a shade and a ghost? If the ghosts were frightened why were they not off?"

415. **Grisons.**—The largest but most thinly peopled of the Swiss Cantons, being an assemblage of mountains intersected by narrow valleys. Its area is 2,770 square miles, and population about 100,000. The Rhine and Inn rise here and it also feeds the Ticino and Addua to some extent. Both the French and German names, Grisons and Granbunden, have their origin in the Grey League formed against the nobility in 1424. In 1472 they allied with the Swiss Cantons, and in 1803 were formally admitted into the Swiss Confederation. On account of its mountainous character and the different exposures resulting, the climate and products are exceedingly varied, including not only northern products like barley, rye and wheat, but also Indian corn, the vine, fig, and almond. Cattle, lumber and cheese are exported. Mining is done in the mountains, and the rivers are stocked with salmon and trout. The district is rather subject to avalanches.

417. Avalanches are of various kinds, as the drift, sliding and rolling, and are generally of snow, hence often called snow-slips. But glaciers in their advance down the sides of the steep Alps sometimes break away. Avalanches occur most frequently in the months of July, August and September.

420-1. Discuss the effectiveness of the enumeration.

424. The digression seems abrupt.

all amid.—In the very midst of.

426. **blow ice.**—What is meant?

430. **tapers.**—Candles. Would "candles" do equally well here?

435. **humanized.**—Civilized.

437. **long-lived.**—Ancient.

438. **shades.**—Shadows (imaginary) of the dead.

439. **Socrates**, 469-399 B.C., son of an Athenian sculptor, and followed his father's trade till about middle age, when he took up the role of philosopher. He had served in the Peloponnesian war as a hoplite, was of excellent physical strength, fortified by an abstemious diet and a regular life. He belonged to the walking school and had among his intimate friends and disciples Plato and Xenophon, to whom we are chiefly indebted for information about him. As to the subject of his teaching, he was the first to proclaim that the proper study of man is man, his nature, duties and happiness. Other speculations might be useful practically to certain special classes, but morality, justice and happiness were necessary for all. As to method, he insisted on an accuracy in definition and classification seldom thought of before. To ascertain the exact *connotation* of each term, he would pretend ignorance (the Socratic irony) and ask for a definition from his opponent. Then by a series of questions (a manner peculiarly his own), he would involve his opponent in self-contradiction. Socrates' boast was that he at least knew his ignorance, and a great part of the dialogues in

Plato and Xenophon close with this merely negative result. The object of Socrates was by means of induction from particular conceptions to form a general notion and hence formulate a logical definition. The only positive tenet of Socrates that has come down to us is that virtue consists in knowledge and intellectual discernment, and proceeds from a clear cognition of the notion of what any particular action contemplates, of its ends, means, and conditions. Vice can result only from ignorance; no person is willingly wicked or knowingly does wrong. The proper corrective of vice is the teaching of the consequences of actions, hence virtue as knowledge is teachable and is promoted by exercise. But the practice of Socrates was wider than his theories; his advice and exhortations were addressed to men's feelings as well as to their intellects. In his own person, too, he shewed an exaltation over sensuous cravings, a calmness of mind amid enmity and misfortune, and a consciousness of his own strength and integrity which served to exemplify his notions of united virtue and felicity. In after times his life and character became the archetype and inspiration of other philosophers, who, though they could not rival him in personal excellence, yet left more enduring results in the way of regularly formulated and developed philosophical systems.

440-4. Who—obeying—law.

443. This line and a few others just here are due to Pope's emendation. are *Essay on Man*, Ep. II. 204.

445. wisest.—So *Par. Reg.* IV. 275.

446. Solon.—An Athenian lawgiver, one of the seven wise men, b. 638 B.C. He introduced the plutocratic principle and divided the citizens into four classes according to amount of income, with corresponding privileges and burdens. Legislation originated in an upper house of 400, left as strictly aristocratic by Solon as he found it, but he required ratification by a lower house or assembly, composed of all the classes. His constitution and his laws with some alterations remained in force for 400 or 500 years.

common-weal, commonwealth. Distinguish the ordinary meanings.

next.—Not in time, but in order of presentation to the poet's mind.

447-8. **tender**.—So different from the stern laws of Draco, which preceded.

lively.—A very expressive epithet as regards the Athenians, who were as full of vivacity as of intelligence.

450. *Par. Reg.* IV. 240. Give lists of Athenians distinguished in sculpture, painting, poetry, the drama and eloquence.

452. **Smiling**.—A common epithet for Greece with the poets. See Byron in several passages.

Lycurgus.—The great Spartan lawgiver (about 884 B.C.), made Sparta a close aristocracy based on caste, the majority of the people having no political rights. L. is a semi-mythical personage and probably did little

more than collect and arrange previously existing laws. These developed a nation of brave and hardy soldiers, but repressed intellectual, commercial, or even moral progress. The example of Sparta proved that the sources of a nation's strength are not in the perfectness of any military system. Her insolent tyranny after the Peloponnesian War brought her into collision with Thebes, by which she was reduced to her ancient boundaries, and later on she was quite unable to make head against Macedon or Rome.

bowed.—Trans.

455. **following.**—Parse.

457-8. **chief.**—Leonidas, King of Sparta, killed at Thermopylae in opposing Xerxes, 480 B.C.

the other.—Lycurgus.

hardest lesson.—To lay down his life for Sparta.

459. **Aristides.**—An Athenian of such probity that his fellow citizens called him the Just. He fought at Marathon under Miltiades (490), and was chief Archon next year. Themistocles, called by the poet, his *haughty rival*, procured his ostracism. A. returned, however, to assist Themistocles against the invading Persians, fought at Salamis, and led the Athenians at Plataea. In 477 he introduced a constitutional change admitting all classes of citizens to political offices. He died in 468, respected by all, being so poor that his funeral and his family had to be provided for at the public expense.

465. **his.**—Aristides.

ray.—*i.e.*, disposition. An allusion to the belief in the influence of the planets and their relative positions on the character of the child. In the east, especially among the Mohammedans, astrology is still believed in.

466. Cimon, son of Miltiades, by Aristides' advice shook off his bad habits and distinguished himself against the Persians. Having acquired great wealth he employed it freely in embellishing his native city, Athens, and assisting the deserving poor. He became the leader of the aristocratic party and the rival of Pericles, who procured his ostracism for five years.

471. **declining.**—After the Peloponnesian War.

472. **unequal.**—*i.e.*, to the former.

474. **Timoleon.**—b. 394. Consented to the death of his brother, Timophanes, who had made himself tyrant of Corinth, his native city. It being doubtful whether he was a murderer or a patriot, he was sent to help the people of Syracuse, a colony of Corinth, against their tyrant Dionysius and the Carthaginians. Here he was successful, defeating even Hasdrubal and Hamilcar with one-seventh the number of their men. He expelled the tyrants from the Greek cities of Sicily and defined the boundaries of the Carthaginian colony. He organized the laws of Syracuse on a democratic basis and died there an honoured private citizen in 335.

476. **pair.**—Epaminondas and Pelopidas. Their friendship is one of the most beautiful things recorded in Greek history. P. expelled the Spartans and organized and trained the celebrated "sacred band" of Thebes, which contributed so much to the victories of E. over the Spartans at Leuctra, 371, and Mantinea, 362. Under E., Thebes, which had never had much influence, rose to be the head of Greece.

481. **Phocion**, b. 402 B.C.—An Athenian general and statesman. Although he defeated Philip of Macedon in several engagements, yet he recognized the real strength of Macedon as opposed to Greece and proposed an alliance. He was in consequence an opponent of Demosthenes and the war party and fell into disrepute. He strongly opposed the proposed rejoicings at Philip's assassination (336), and after the defeat of the Athenians by Antipater, procured a considerable mitigation of their punishment. Forced to flee the city he took refuge among the Phocians, who basely delivered him up, and he was compelled like Socrates, by the ungrateful Athenians, to drink the hemlock, 317. In private life, a model of courtesy and in public life of integrity, he may be considered as the compeer of Timoleon.

486-8. **sons.**—Descendants. *Agis III.*, one of the two Kings of Sparta 244 B.C., thought to restore the old Spartan spirit and to stay the *decadence* of the state by restoring in their strictness the institutions and laws of Lycurgus. He carried the abolition of debts, and in the new partition of the lands awakened so much opposition that he was put to death along with all his family by his colleague Leonidas.

491. After the death of Epaminondas the superiority of Thebes rapidly declined, and the Achaeans for sometime held it by means of their famous League, which they wished to extend to the whole of Greece. *Aratus* was General of the League in 245 B.C., and held the office many times. He recovered Corinth from Macedon, but Sparta's jealousy forced him to become her ally. Philopemen, General of the League in 208, revived the martial spirit (l. 495), and forced the Spartans and Aetolians to join the League, which was allowed by the Romans to exist as an aid against Macedon, till 146 B.C., when it was dissolved. P. has been called the last of the Greeks.

491. **relumed.**—Lighted again. Give other words from the same root (*lumen*).

493. **hope.**—Case?

496. **tolling swain.**—Relation?

498. **people.**—The Romans.

too fondly.—See l. 503.

virtuous times of the republic.

502. better founder.—Because *Numa* founded the religious institutions of Rome. By some regarded as mythical.

504. Servius Tullius, the 6th King, founded the Roman Constitution. In a general way, Solon's principle may be said to be the basis, that greater possessions should have a greater influence in the councils of the nation.

505. The Kings were expelled shortly after, and Rome became a republic. L. J. Brutus, consul of the new republic, ordered his sons to be put to death for attempting to restore the expelled King (Tarquin).

507. who the private quelled.—Subordinated his feelings as a parent to his conviction of duty to the state.

508. as.—Supply *he sat*—an unusual ellipsis with *as*, though similar ones are quite common with *while*.

510. Camillus.—Consul 403 B.C., was victorious against the Volscians and Veii, Falerii. The democratic party accused him of inordinate greed after the spoils, and also of peculation. In consequence he retired to Ardea, but was recalled in 390 to expel the Gauls under Brennus. Camillus in this, as in all other things, was wonderfully successful; in fact his recorded feats rather strain one's powers of belief.

only.—Is this word in its proper place?

511. Fabricius.—Consul 282 B.C., sent to treat with Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, who had invaded Italy, refused all his offers of money, and on the other hand spurned the proposal of Pyrrhus's doctor to dispose of the King by poison.

Cincinnatus.—Consul 460 B.C., was found at his plough by the Senate's messengers in 458, when they implored his acceptance of the dictatorship to save the state from the Æqui and Volsci. In three weeks he had done his work, resigned his office and retired to his farm. He was dictator a second time, but resigned after nearly as short a period.

513. willing victim.—Regulus, a consul in the first Punic war. He invaded Africa, but falling into the hands of the Carthaginians was sent to Rome, under parole, to propose an exchange of prisoners. He advised the Senate to continue the war, and in spite of the entreaties of his family and friends returned to Carthage, although certain of a cruel death. See Horace, bk. iii., ode 5. Niebuhr casts doubt on the story of his barbarous death. History and poetry have lent their embellishments to many names of the monarchy and early republic.

517. Scipio, called *Africanus* (minor), from destroying Carthage 146 B.C., and *Numantinus*, from his capture of Numantia in Spain, B.C. 133. Unpopular on account of his aristocratic feelings and his opposition to the reforms of his brother-in-law, Tiberius Gracchus; murdered, probably by some of the supporters of the Sempsonian law. A man of culture, well

versed in Greek literature; a close friend of the consul Laelius, (their friendship was celebrated throughout Rome and led Cicero to make Laelius the chief speaker in his *De Amicitia*), the historian Polybius, and the poet Terence, whom he and Laelius are said to have assisted in his plays.

521. Tully.—*Marcus Tullius Cicero*, 106-43 B.C., Rome's great orator and man of letters, was at 27 the first man at the Roman bar, quaestor in Sicily 76, aedile 69, praetor 66, consul 63, and in this last office earned the title of Father of his Country by crushing the conspiracy of that political desperado, Catiline. In the struggle between Caesar and Pompey, was a lukewarm friend of Pompey's, but after Pharsalia went over to Caesar and was graciously received. Till Caesar's death was in retirement and engaged on his chief works in philosophy and rhetoric. In the proscription that followed the formation of the 2nd triumvirate, Cicero was on Antony's list and was overtaken and slain by his soldiers while attempting to leave Italy. Cicero was devoid of heroism of character, and although he had legislative ability due to his acute mind and wide information, he was too deficient in courage and political sagacity to become a leader of men in those troublous and corrupt times. But he was the greatest master of rhetoric that ever lived, and at that time eloquence was relatively of more importance than now. His love of applause, his unwearied diligence, his great natural faculties quickened and strengthened by study, his unlimited power of expression, language, and the luminous treatment of his subject, have all combined to make his orations our most splendid examples of forensic eloquence. Even now, when the subject matter has lost all living interest and classical study is on the wane, they are still read with pleasure and furnish models for imitation to aspirants in our own tongue.

523. Cato, 234-149 B.C., commonly called the Censor. In his youth distinguished himself at the bar, became consul and exhibited considerable military talent in quelling disturbances in Spain (206). When 50 years old was appointed Censor at Rome, and the duties of this office gave him fine opportunities for exhibiting that strictness in morals and that unflinching honesty which had now become but too rare. He did great service in paving and draining the city and in checking the rapacity of contractors for public works. But his interference in matters relating to wages, dress, furniture, etc., failed, as sumptuary laws always do. His severity and sternness gained for him by way of prominence the title of Censor.

As Cato Major (above) is not in proper chronological order with the rest, perhaps Thomson referred to Cato Minor, 95-46, who served in the army against Spartacus with credit, and afterwards became quaestor and tribune. He was an adherent of Pompey, and after Pharsalia (48 B.C.) fled to Africa, and on hearing of the defeat by Caesar of Pompey's party at Thapsus, stabbed himself. He belonged to the Stoics and possessed great decision and energy of character.

524. **Brutus**, 85-42, after Pharsalia, received a province from Cæsar. On returning to Rome, Cassius prevailed on him to join the conspiracy against Cæsar. The eloquence of Antony over Cæsar's dead body so incensed the populace that he fled from Rome and from Italy. In Asia Minor he kept up a sort of guerilla warfare against Octavianus and Antony, but being defeated by them at Phillippi, 42 B.C., he fell upon his sword. Shakespeare (*Julius Cæsar*) is perhaps responsible for the popular idea of Brutus's character, a character not too heroic.

526. **Roman steel**.—Cæsar being stabbed at the foot of Pompey's pillar, and seeing Brutus among the number, is reported to have said reproachfully, "Et tu Brute!" The epithet *Roman* may be applied because the deed was one of vengeance against him who had destroyed the liberties of Rome and had become its tyrant, or may refer to the stern and determined character of these republican conspirators, who unfortunately could find no cure for the ills of the state but in assassination.

527. **verse**.—Give the meaning and derivation.

528. **demand**.—In what sense used here.

count.—A doublet of *compute*. Give similar pairs of doublets, and account for their existence.

532. **Phœbus**.—Apollo, God of light, therefore of poetry and the fine arts; the type of beauty for painting and sculpture.

Mantuan swain.—Virgil, 70-19 B.C., born near Mantua, here called *swain* either because his father was a farmer, or because his early works, the *Eclogues*, were pastoral in their character, and the *Georgics* related to husbandry. His most finished production was the *Georgics*, but his greatest work was the *Æneid*, next to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, the greatest epic poem among the ancients. Its subject, the origin of the Roman people, was suggested by Augustus. In many instances he copies from earlier poets, Homer, Theocritus, Ennius, but generally with added grace of diction, if not with added strength or vividness of imagination. No other Latin poets but Horace can dispute the palm with him, and his amiable and retiring disposition endeared him to all.

533. **Homer**.—Author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the greatest epics of Greece, and perhaps of the world. There is nothing known with certainty of his life, and his very existence has been denied. See Grote I., c. 21.

534. **parent**.—About 900 B.C. Very few earlier poems of any merit exist.

535. **British muse**.—Milton. Dryden's lines, adjudging Milton as even superior to the other two, though often quoted are worth quoting again:

"Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go,
To make a third she joined the other two."

Schiller has the same idea :

"da sie (the British Muse)
Einst mit der Maconid, und jener,
Am Kapitol den heissen Sand trat."

536. **darkling**.—Being in the dark, both Homer and Milton being blind,—an adverb formed from *dark* by the adverbial suffix *ling*. Compare *hedling* O.E. form of *headlong*; *full up*, right up. Note the common phrase "to climb Parnassus."

537-9. **those shades**.—The Attic tragedians, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, in whose hands the drama, which had originated in the choral services accompanying the worship of Dionysus, was not a mere amusement, but a means employed for religious and moral teaching. Æschylus introduced action and dramatic dialogue, in place of the perpetual chorus; also scenery, masks, dresses, etc. Sophocles improved on A. and gained the prize over him (464 B.C.), Cimon being judge. In the tragedies of these two there is a constant subjection of the action of the play to the disposing of destiny. S. is accounted the most perfect of the three, his verse being soft and harmonious, and a faithful reflex of the human passions. Euripides was rather unequal, although on some occasions he was preferred to his elder rival, Sophocles. It may be added that the Athenians were very fond of dramatic entertainments, and that under Pericles the poorer classes were provided out of the public funds with the means of attending the theatre.

540. **lyre**.—The chief lyric poets of Greece were Alcaeus, Sappho, Anacreon, Simonides and Pindar. Anacreon has been imitated and some say improved on by our own poet Moore. Give a list of English lyric poets.

543. **mount**, trans. causative; *soaring*, so the phrase "flight of imagination."

544. **door be thine**.—Be my doorkeeper.

546-7. **friends . . . roof**.—See life.

547. **sense**.—Literary taste.

548. **digested**, *i.e.* so as to affect the judgment and taste, not like cram, the memory alone, and even that not lastingly.

549. Distinguish *wit and humour*.

550. **Muses' hill**.—Parnassus.

551. **sacred to contemplation**.

553. **sweeter** is a better epithet for Pope's translation of Homer than for the original. Bentley, the great classical scholar, in acknowledging a copy, said, "It is a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but it is not Homer."

554. This statement may seem open to doubt, yet in spite of his peevishness, his jealousy, his vanity, and his stinging satire, the "wicked wasp of Twickenham" was not devoid of generosity or a manly spirit.

556. **Hammond**.—Member for Truro, and a friend of Thomson, wrote elegiacs of no merit, and was often among the tuneful throng of poets visiting Thomson's cottage. He died at 32.

558-64. Discuss the appropriateness of the words *vernal*, *ravished*, *stung*, *glowing*.

565-6. **patriots**.—Those opposed to Walpole. *What* avails now.

570. They were only shewed (shewn); *fond*, foolish.

575. **If**=whether; *sprung* for sprang, supply *if it*.

578. Supply *would search*.

580. **gradual**—Adv.

581. **diffusive**.—Diffused.

583. **embroiled**.—Confused.

586. **historic muse**.—Clio. Name some of the others.

591 2. **double suns**.—As the sun is the source of all animal and vegetable life, this means double prosperity; *brightest skies*, tropics.

594-5. Luke xxiv. 32.—*Portion of divinity*, a doctrine of Socrates.

597-9. **doomed**.—Sentenced; *repress*, Gr. Elegy 51-59.

ardent, **kindling**.—Compare the meanings.

609-10. **foiled**, **shifting**.—The metaphor is probably taken from fencing.

play.—Display.

is foiled, **would play**.—Is this a proper correspondence of tenses?

612. **assembled train**. The ideas are somewhat incongruous; probably *assembled* is loosely used for "connected." Derive the words, accounting for the *b* in *assembled*, and showing how the different meanings of *train* are connected.

614. A fair poetical definition of wit; see l. 549.

616. Milton is much more expressive: "And laughter, holding both his sides." *L'Allegro*, l. 32.

625. Compare Goldsmith: "The bashful virgin's side-long look of love." D.V. 29. Is putting the serious before the gay in this picture, 617-628, a natural order?

626-8. **on purpose guardless**.—Explain what figure?

haul.—Is this an effective word?

shook for shaken.

respondent.—Responsive.

631. **mixed**.—In old editions spelled *mixt*. It is a great pity that these past tenses and participles in *t* have gone out of use. In many cases of rhyme the eye as well as the ear would be satisfied by their use.

632. **sons of riot.**—Compare Milton's "sons of Belial flown with insolence and crime." P.L. l. 502.

633-4. **loose.**—Lawless.

rankled.—Festered. Festering is the common term.

638-9. The ideas in *along* and *dome* seem to clash a little. *Ways*, parse; *evolved*, involved.

640-41. **Effuses.**—Pours forth. Effulgence *beam'd*.

644-5. As an insect's wings are covered with powder, so the fop's arms (wings) were covered with the powder which fell from his hair. The use of powder was then general among the fashionable. By act of parliament it was to be pure starch, and at one time the tax on it yielded a revenue of £20,000. As a bit of sarcastic wit, these lines are among Thomson's happiest examples.

646-55. **Hamlet** and **Othello** are well known Shakespearian characters.

Monimia and **Belvidera** are characters, the first in Otway's *Orphan*, the second in his *Venice Preserved*.

Bevil.—A character in Steele's *Conscious Lovers*.

fair impartial.—Are the two epithets needed?

With this passage compare *Il. Pens.* 97, and *L'Allegro* 132.

656. Lord Chesterfield, 1694-1773, well-known as the model of a polite (671) and dignified (661) gentleman. He was an opponent of Walpole (669-70), held, however, several important posts, and was Viceroy of Ireland. His eloquence was marked by delicacy and irony (658 and 675). He is best known by his famous "Letters to his Son," the general purport of which is that success in life is due as much to good manners as to ability and probity. Several of Thomson's lines are tinged with exaggeration.

659. **Graces.**—According to the Greek mythology, three beautiful goddesses that lend their grace and beauty to everything that delights and elevates gods and men.

660. **Apollo.**—See note on 532.

661. **give.**—Permit or enable.

662. **guardian.**—In what case?

663. **rural.**—Why this epithet?

665. **shades** of retirement.

672. **Even.**—Parse.

presumptuous, in setting the fashions, etc.

675. **Attic point** and **Attic salt** are phrases expressive of the pungency and sparkle of Athenian wit.

678-9. **or let me hail thee rising thence**, *i.e.*, from these qualities.

680. **Senate.**—House of Lords.

684-5. Other men's thoughts are made clearer by his reasoning.

687. **reluctant party.**—Wm. III., by the Earl of Sunderland's advice in 1693, selected the chief officers of state from that party which had the majority in the House of Commons, giving origin to what is known party government. There are evils seemingly inseparable from the system; one is hinted at here, the tendency to sink one's private judgment before the demands of the party. Others might be mentioned, as, "To the victors belong the spoils," "The minority has no rights to be respected." But it is easier to point evils than to suggest a remedy.

690. **you roll.**—Is this correct after using *thou* and *thy* above

691-3. **haunt.**—The country.

serene.—Sky.

694. "**Nitre** is a salt of potassium, commonly called Saltpetre. Here used for any salt capable of subtle intermixture with the air. Nitre cools gas under heat with great rapidity. The poet's notion seems to have been that frost was not only an effect of a certain condition of the atmosphere, but an actually existing thing, which he here likens to a finely divided salt. Compare l. 718. But it may mean only oxygen, which Priestly calls *nitre*. See *Task*, iii., 32, and *Autumn*, l. 5."—Bright. The last explanation seems an odd one, seeing that Priestly was born some years after Thomson's lines were written.

695-6. Frost exercises a drying influence on damp soils and arrests the progress of contagious disease, or the effects of malaria, being destructive to the morbid germs which thrive by heat and moisture.

698. **constringent**, *i.e.*, binding binds, etc., in T.'s pleonastic manner. The greater vigour of northern nations is no doubt due to climatic influence and to the greater and enforced care taken of youth.

699-703. **feeds** is nonsense; cold animates because it necessitates motion to quicken the circulation. The vigorous body makes the vigorous mind. "*Mens sana in sano corpore.*"

intense.—Alert and powerful.

706. **concocted** seems to mean *ripened*. *Georgic*, l. 65-6; so Bacon. The effect of snow and frost on soils is well known to be beneficial, rendering them friable, and so more absorptive of those constituents (carbonic acid, water and ammonia) necessary to plant life.

707. **soul.**—Life.

709-10. Give the cause of this.

luculent.—Beauteous or shining. Notice the fine effect of the contrast in (the once) *sullen* deeps (now) *transparent*, and the imitative harmony of *murmur hoarser*.

716-21. **illusive**.—Water eluding the grasp. *Elusive* would be more appropriate. Distinguish elude, illude, evade.

salts.—See note to 694.

ether.—Air.

721. **Steamed**.—"An icy gale steamed eager—breathes." The idea seems to be that the frost rising like a vapour from these particles fills the gale and makes *it icy*.

red horizon in the west at sunset, a sign of frost.—*Georgic* iii. 358.

723-4. Wilson finds great beauty in the words "breathes a blue film." The words "oft shifting" don't seem natural here.

Bicker.—Formed from *pick*, to *peek* with the *beak* (Skeat).

bickering.—Originally then, fighting—here quickly moving, quivering. Compare "that, as they bickered through the sunny shade, a lulling murmur made."—*Castle of Indolence*, Canto 1, st. 3.

725. **Let**.—Permitted to go.

sedgy.—Covered with river-flags (water-iris).

731. Cowper says,

"While silently beneath,
And unperceived, the current steals away."

Which is truer to nature?

732-4. **reflects**.—Gives back.

double.—Very loud.

deters.—Frightens away.

nightly.—By night.

736. **swells**.—What is meant?

738. **Ethereal round**.—Explain.

740-6. **cope**.—Canopy.

rigid influence.—Frost, which makes rigid.

unjoyous.—Not in use now.

748-9. **Prone** means with face downwards; can only mean pendent here.

The next line is very expressive.

751. **fancied**.—Fanciful, fantastic.

transient.—Distinguish from *transitory*.

754. **plumy**.—The branches covered with feathery snow, nodding like the plumes of a herse.

755-9. **refined and incrustated hard** seem rather contradictory. Why would putting the word *shepherd* and the attendant words in the plural spoil the effect of the picture?

763. **dissolv'd**.—Separated.

764. **raptured**.—Enraptured.

767. **void of care.**—This rather misrepresents the industrious Dutchman, to whom skating is not always a pleasure, but sometimes a matter of business, going to market, etc.

768. **Batavia.**—The old classical name of Holland, from Batavi, a German nation (Catti according to Tacitus) who immigrated there before Caesar's time. Notice the change of number in *rushes* and *they*. How may it be defended?

771. **then gay.**—The Dutch being proverbially phlegmatic.

772. **courts, i.e.,** royalty and nobility of Norway, Sweden, etc.

773. Distinguish sled, sledge, and sleigh.

775. **manly strife.**—See *L'Allegro*, 121.

777. Why are the Norwegian and Swedish ladies flushed by the season?
buxom.—Lively and handsome.

780-82. **elapses, i.e.,** slips by. See note 47-49.

gelid.—Cold as ice.

ineffectual.—Explain why.

783-5. **azure.**—From the ice.

relents.—Thaws.

793. **game.**—Here, any object of the chase. In England certain animals are protected at certain seasons by *game laws*. A revenue is also derived from licenses given for shooting. Are there any game laws in Canada?

794. **our infant winter.**—Explain the force of the epithet.

796-7. **shoot.**—Swiftly glance.

relentless months.—At the poles there are six months of day and then six months of night—shortening, of course, as you proceed towards the equator.

799. **there.**—Siberia, the ordinary place of banishment for Russian subjects who have fallen under the czar's displeasure. Thomson has rather exaggerated the horrors of a Siberian winter.

805. **main.**—Arctic Ocean.

808. **Cathay.**—China. The transit trade by caravan is chiefly done at Kiahta, a town of about 5,000, 150 m. south of Lake Baikal, on the Chinese frontier—tea and furs being of course the principal articles of exchange.

809. **with.**—What is the relation?

811. **furry nations.**—For similar epithets see 87, 137.

814. **freaked.**—Mottled, or rather with irregular and broken lines. What are the chief fur-bearing animals and their habitats?

818. **heapy**.—In heaps, formed, it is said, by the animal itself, with its antlers.

elk.—It is getting very scarce in Siberia now, and is not common in North America. The antlers sometimes weigh 120 lbs., and the whole animal from 800 to 1200 lbs.

822. With the exception of the substitution of **clubs** for knives (*ferro*) the passage 816-826 is a close imitation of Virgil's account of the Scythians. —*Geo. iii.* 369-375.

824. **bray** is not expressive of the elk's cry ; there seems to be no word especial to this animal. *Bell* is used by Scott for the noise the deer makes.

811. **jet**.—A variety of lignite, very black and capable of high polish, found in many parts of the world, and used for crosses, mourning ornaments. Here of course a jet colour is meant.

812-13. **ermine, sabc**, are both animals of the weasel kind. Ermines in winter become perfectly white, except the tip of the tail, which always remains black. The fur forms a distinctive border for the robes of judges; the word ermine being in consequence often used as a synonyme for the office of judge. The **sable** is perfectly black, found chiefly in Siberia, and its fur, like that of the ermine, is extremely valuable.

827. **piny**.—In cold regions pines are among the trees that last survive. **absorpt**.—Half sunk in snow ; for *absorbed* and more euphonic. See note on *mixed*, l. 413.

823. **shapeless**.—From its long shaggy hair. **horrid**.—Bristling.

833. May refer to its hibernation, or being torpid during winter.

835. **Boötes**.—The two stars in the handle of the plough point to the constellation of Boötes, the ploughman, of which Arcturus is the chief star.

wain.—An older and chiefly poetical spelling of wagon. The constellation of the Great Bear (*Ursa Major*), is also known as the Plough, the Dipper, and Charles's Wain (ceorl's or peasant's wagon); called here **tardy**, because revolving slowly about the North pole.

836. **boisterous**.—Turbulent.

Caurus.—The North-West wind.—*Geo. iii.* 356.

838. **swarm**.—Four great tides of immigration from Asia into Europe may be marked: first that into Greece and Italy; then the Celtic and Cimbrian, who occupied Britain, France and Spain; then the Germanic, into the north and centre; then the Slavonic, peopling the North-East, pressed upon by Huns beyond the Ural Mountains, and the Tartars beyond the Caspian. Perhaps Thomson had specially in mind the Goths. Their earliest home was Scandinavia, but about 200 A.D., they began to move southward in three great divisions, one of which under Alaric, sacked the city of Rome (410); another founded a kingdom in Spain.

relumed.—See 491 note.

flame of liberty.—Being a migratory nation they were necessarily warriors and free. Later on, becoming more settled, the feudal system (l. 842) was introduced, which in time developed for the great mass of the people into a new kind of slavery, as burdensome, if not as completely destitute of civil rights, as that of Rome under the Empire. In England the people were a little more fortunate.

840. **drove, intrans.** Note Milton's greater force and vividness in referring to the same subject.—*P.L. l. 301.*

A multitude, like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, where her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.

844. **insensate.**—The usual meaning is stupid, *i.e.*, without sense (perceptive); here perhaps means "mad" or "without reason."

846. Compare what Goldsmith says of the Swiss.—*Traveller*, 199-208.

847. No desires bid it (the current) rage thro', etc.

853. **cheerful cups.**—What is meant?

855. **Sledge is more common.**

them.—The Lapps.

854. **obsequious.**—Has this word its ordinary meaning here?

857. **marbled.**—Meaning here? Give the other.

859. The Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, gives some relief to the Arctic inhabitants during their dreary nights of months in duration.

They are probably of electrical origin, and in some way connected with disturbances in the magnetic currents of the earth. Their frequency and brilliancy seem greatest in the latitude of Spitzbergen. It is doubtful whether any noise occurs with them, as has been alleged.

by.—They find by meteors.

862. **doubled lustre.**—Reflection.

867. **Aurora.**—Goddess of the morning.

875. Maupertius in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after describing the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi, in Lapland, says: "We had been frightened with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a resort for fairies and genii than bears. . . . I was surprised to see on the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our garden."

877. **fry.**—Young fish just produced from the spawn.

tents.—Covered with reindeer hide, or conical mud huts raised on stakes.

884-6. Is **whose swains—nor—their daughters**—a correct construction? **spotless** and **blooming** must be understood in a Pickwickian sense.

883. **interest**.—Love of power and riches.
Why fell?

887-8. **Tornea**.—Where?
Hecla flaming—Explain.

893. **new seas**.—In the other hemisphere.
cerulean.—Sky-colored. Compare *azure*, 783. Winter's Court is decorated. Show the points of resemblance in the comparison.

895-901.—This image has been much admired.

903. **she**—The Muse.
main.—Arctic Ocean.

909. **projected**.—Projecting.

910. **Alps**.—Here for any mountain; properly, pastures on the mountain sides. See n. 445-8.

911. **chaos**.—With some of the ancients, one of the oldest gods.
was.—Is this grammatically correct?

912. Notice the effective use of the words *shake* and *solid*.

914. **binding**.—Explained by what follows. Compare 730-1.

915. **taken**.—As a captive.
boundless.—Of limitless power.

920. **conscious** of coming evil to itself.

922. **descending**.—To an absence of months.

924. **incumbent**.—Brooding.

925. **Briton's fate**.—An expedition sent by a company of adventurers in 1553, to discover a north-east passage to India, under Sir Hugh Willoughby, Richard Chancellor and Stephen Burroughs. After experiencing much stormy weather two of the ships entered the river Arzina, which is east of the North Cape. There both commanders and crews perished, their bodies, together with the journal of the voyage, having been discovered by some Russian sailors. The other ship, Chancellor's, escaping, was wrecked on its way home off the coast of Scotland.—*Morris*.

928. **in vain**, *i.e.*, in search of a north-west passage. Give an account of the various expeditions. One may be excused for wondering what prospect of commercial advantage there can be to justify such an expenditure of money and energy and life.

930-35. One of the most expressive, although gruesome pictures in all Thomson's poetry, or indeed in anybody's poetry.

froze (*intrans*), *i.e.*, while in motion. So "arrests the bicker-stream" (725).

glued.—being glued.

935. Bell says: "This account is imaginary (930-5); the poet describes the process of petrification, not of freezing."

937. Ostiaks and Samoyedes, chiefly between the Obi and Yenesei, little influenced as yet by Russian civilization or Christianity.

enlivened.—Has this its usual meaning here?

distant.—Is this a correct word?

942-3. **unjoyous cheer.**—What figure?

waste.—Spend uselessly.

944-5. **gross.**—Refers to their filthy habits and dull intellects, no doubt due in a measure to the severity of the cold, which scarcely permits cleanliness, and which necessitates the almost exclusive use of fatty animal food.

946. **kindred.**—From their appearance or sluggishness.

quivered.—With quiver.

950-4. **active government.**—Paternal government may be suited to society in its early stages, but as people become civilized and educated, the most successful results come from giving, consistent with peace and order, the widest scope to individual freedom of action. When Thomson wrote, the Russians were hardly accounted as belonging to the family of European nations.

gothic.—Here a common adjective. So the word **vandalism**. See n. l. 856 *et seq.*

955. **Peter**, Czar of Russia, 1672-1725, a man of brutal and passionate disposition, but of indomitable energy. What he did for Russia is pretty accurately recounted in the text, making allowance for the exaggeration natural in poetry. Despite his almost superhuman exertions, the Russians are still behind the rest of Europe, and retain traces of their Tartar origin (l. 952). It was a saying of Bonaparte's, "Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar."

960-2. **Ye shades.**—See l. 437 *et seq.*

labouring.—In distress, as a ship labours.

964. **left.**—In 1697, visiting Prussia, Hanover, Holland, England, etc.

966. **greatly.**—Grandly.

967-9. At Saardam, in Holland, he worked for some time as a common shipwright. "That large mind, equal to the highest duties of the general and the statesman, contracted itself to the most minute details of naval architecture and naval discipline." He spent three months in England, living at Deptford, in John Evelyn's house, and left it in such a dirty state that the Government quieted his (E.'s) grumblings with a sum of money. On Peter and his visit, read Macaulay, chap. xxiii., vol. 5.

970-3. Scarcely anything escaped Peter's reforming zeal. He took away with him from England, engineers, artificers, surgeons, artisans, artillerymen, etc., to the number of 500. The organization and discipline of an army, the building of a navy, trade with foreign countries, improvements in dress, manners and etiquette, the education of the nobility, the introduction of indirect taxation, the keeping of accounts in the modern way instead of by the old Tartar method of balls strung on a wire, the encouragement of architecture, painting and sculpture, are among the many benefits conferred on Russia by this large-minded tyrant.

He laid the foundation of St. Petersburg, the new capital, in May, 1703, and it speedily became the commercial depot of the Baltic.

975. Alluding to Peter's projects of joining the Don and Volga by a canal; also the Black Sea (Euxine) and Baltic.

977. Would *to* be more effective than *with*?

980. Charles XII, King of Sweden, Peter's chief rival. Peter coveted the provinces on the Baltic which then belonged to Sweden, and taking advantage of Charles' youth, allied himself with Poland and Denmark against Sweden. In the battle of Narva, and several succeeding battles, the Swedes were victorious, but at Poltawa, in 1709, Charles was totally routed and became a fugitive among the Turks. Peter was at war with the Turks also, as he desired possession of the Black Sea coast as well as the Baltic. Charles has been called here the Alexander of the North on account of his passion for war, although he possessed great abilities in other directions. See note, l. 348. He got back to Sweden, and was making head against his numerous enemies when he was killed before Frederickshald, Nov. 1718. After his death Sweden sank from the preeminence it had acquired under him.

981. Othman was third caliph of the Moslems after Mahomet, and the Turks perhaps got their name of Ottomans from him. The word *shrinking* is contrary to the truth, as in the war referred to (see n. 980) Peter was surrounded and in danger of captivity; Catherine, his mistress--his wife a few years later--procured his escape by bribing the Turkish officials with her jewels and articles of her wardrobe.

983. Proud of deeds now reckoned dishonorable.
it.—The land.

988. blunted.—Is not keen.
resolves.—Loosens.

991. spotted.—Explain how this agrees with the idea of shining.

993. What are the bonds?

995. brown.—From alluvial matter.

997-9. sullen, shackles.—Because bound by the ice.

1002. **rifted**.—Riven, split.
it bursts.—What?
1004. **charged**.—Loaded.
wretches.—In what sense used?
1005. **moors**.—From what language have we borrowed most of our nautical words? Compare *Par. Lost*, i., 206-8.
1007. Explain, if possible, the meaning of the words:
 "And horror looks more horrible."
1008. **force**.—"Strength" would seem more appropriate with "endure."
1013. **bellowing**.—Compare Dryden's
 "And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas rebound."
1014. **more to embroil**.—To disturb still more.
- Leviathan**.—Compare Job xli. 31, and *Par. Lost*, i. 200-8, and vii. 410-6. The whale needs no description; it is sufficient to say that, like the dolphin, porpoise, and some others, it is not a fish, as it brings forth its young alive and suckles them like an ordinary mammal; breathes with lungs, and can, like some land animals, be drowned by being kept too long under water. The tail (**train** in the text) moves like a sculler's oar, or like the screw of a steamer, with a combined downward and lateral motion; but when urged to speed, directly up and down.
- 1015-26. **tempest**.—Verb.
loading.—The ordinary phrase is "borne by the winds."
monsters.—White bears, etc.
- Milton makes great use of the suggestive in his poetry, Thompson very little. The phrase, "there awaiting wrecks," fitly concludes these two powerful lines, and gives a vividness to the picture which, perhaps, no direct statement could give.
1027. **the tuneful**, *i.e.*, the birds.
- 1029-32. A theatrical image. Compare Shakespeare's celebrated passage, "All the world's a stage, etc." Man's life has been compared to changing seasons by numberless poets.
shuts the scene, *i.e.*, the curtain of death falls.
1037. **veering**.—Like a weather-cock with the wind.
1038. The meaning is a little obscure, but the poet probably refers to the thousand schemes and plans for action that remain unaccomplished.
1039. "Virtue alone is happiness below."—*Pope*.
- 1042-5. See Rev. xxi. 1-4.
1052. **now**.—After viewing the works of God, as shown in the seasons.
1055. Acts viii. 23.

1058. **low thoughts.**—Luxury lolling in ease and plenty, still craving for more and keener physical (low) enjoyment.

1061. **licensed pain.**—Licensed callings—like liquor-selling and slaveholding, which have great evils connected with them. Thomson had no such special reference here.

1067. What seemed evil to the earthly eye, unknowing of the Great Architect's plan, is now seen to be no evil, but only a hitherto misunderstood part of one harmonious whole.